TEN CENTS A COPY

The End of an Epoch, by Stuart Chase, on page 364

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1930 — NUMBER 18

Sinclair Lewis

MINGLED congratulation and criticism have followed the award of the Nobel Prize in literature to Sinclair Lewis, the creator of Babbitt, Arrowsmith, and Elmer Gantry, the prophet and scourge of Main Street. Those who approve believe with the late Sir Edmund Gosse and many other American and English critics that "Babbitt" was, all things considered, the most notable novel in English of the post-war decade. Those who dispute the judgment of the Swedish committee are either doubtful of the brand of satiric realism that Lewis has made his own, or indignant that Europe should choose what they regard as debased and unfair characterizations of Americans for the highest literary award in its gift.

Doubtless we should all have preferred to have our noblest aspirations made articulate by some modern Emerson and gladly hailed as the essential American idealism by a grateful Europe. But there have been no Emersons in this decade, perhaps because there has been no idealism as confident and as deep-going as his. Impatient critics forget that the history of really important American literature is a history of a few strong and hopeful souls and of more scornful and angry spirits protesting against a materialism they could not control. It is probable that Melville, certain that Poe and Whitman, would have deserved a Nobel prize of their day, but how did their contemporaries, how have the succeeding generations here regarded them? Whitman has but just, and barely, been made respectable by the Hall of Fame; Melville was ignored for half a century; Poe was a jingle man and reprobate for two generations of Americans.

* * *

As for Lewis, his place in art is not yet certain, and it is by no means impossible that his novels, in common with many other important works of fiction, will some day be moved from the shelves of *belles lettres* to the department of social history—but on the shelves they will stay. They have given at least one word to the language, have contributed at least one of those permanent projections of character and personality that remain in the imagination as a reality of the past when history has become colorless and the memory of the once living vague. The prosaic, slightly contemptible, yet pathetic and intensely human Babbitt belongs in that gallery which the great dramatists and novelists have peopled. He cuts a poor figure beside Lear, but so does Falstaff; but where Pecksniff and Becky Sharp and Sancho Panza and Mr. Collins walk, he walks also, and may, for all we can tell, for years to come.

This is guesswork backed by such judgment as may be commanded, but it is not guesswork to say that the literary mood of the post-war decade in the United States was self-critical and satiric, nor will it be disputed that Sinclair Lewis of all our writers has given the imagination brooding over those times the most to feed upon. It is not a question of fairness—satirists are never fair; nor of scope and totality of genius—satirists have always been blind in one eye and deaf in one ear, preferring emphasis to proportion and truth to light. The Nobel prize givers have sought rather social and artistic significance in selecting for honor the novelist who has given in lucid and impressive form news of the self-criticism of a country that has lost its buoyant youth and is growing sick of its own success; a country in which the institutions of the genteel tradition have counted for less and less, and energy has chiefly flowed into the agencies of a dominant and materialistic industrialism, susceptible to ridicule but apparently to little else. Europe regards the phenomenon of a Sinclair Lewis in supposedly prosperous, idealistic, easy-going America as a portent, and Europe is right.

Dark Garden

By LEONORA SPEYER

HERE where I pass
Are whispered incantations
Of shower and shower;
Green is now being granted to the grass,
And fragrance to the flower.

Far fledgling owls
Are thinly whimpering,
And brooks run high;
The yellow moon is like a cat that prowls
The gables of the sky.

Where wind has raged,
Not a wet leaf now stirs,
Though trees loom tall;
In this dim place is every thirst assuaged—
Mine, most of all.

This Week

"The Village Book."
Reviewed by BROOKS SHEPARD.
"Good-bye to Western Culture."
Reviewed by MURIEL DRAPER.
"The Third *New Yorker* Album."
Reviewed by GEORGE BLAKE.
"Chicago Surrenders."
Reviewed by W. R. BURNETT.
"Orpheus: Myths of the World."
Reviewed by HARTLEY ALEXANDER.
"The Boswell Papers."
Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.
"As I Lay Dying."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
"The Longer Day."
Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.
John Mistletoe.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Froude.
By LYTTON STRACHEY.
The Genteel Tradition at Bay.
By GEORGE SANTAYANA.
The World of Henry James.
By DESMOND MACCARTHY.
"The Autobiography of Lord Balfour."
Reviewed by H. A. L. FISHER.
That Other Liberty.
By JOHN CORBIN.
The Seven Devils of Science.
By HENSHAW WARD.
American English, or the American Language?
By WILLIAM A. CRAIGIE.

Jonathan Swift*

By MARY M. COLUM

AFTER one has threaded one's way warily for years through milieus in which almost everybody is engaged either in writing a book or an essay on some American, living or dead, and in which several are writing on the same American, it is with a certain relief that one finds that Carl Van Doren has taken flight to Ireland and England for the subject of his biography. Both the author and the subject give us assurance that we will be treated to no moral parables and no nostrums for the advancement of American culture.

In an age like ours, so desperately self-conscious in its efforts to express itself, a book on Swift is to be welcomed for many reasons, not the least of which is that its subject was a very great writer who troubled himself not at all about self-expression and whose writing was done on the side without his bothering greatly as to what eventually became of it. In spite of the fact that Carl Van Doren is under the same handicap as all previous biographers—the handicap of not comprehending Swift's real relationship to Ireland—this life of Swift is a very able achievement, and, in some sections—notably section four—a remarkable achievement, and one that takes a couple of readings to appreciate.

* * *

"It is almost incredible," says the writing on the jacket of the book, "that the new era in biography has not yet produced a book on Swift." Not at all incredible, we should say, for the writing of a biography of Swift is an exceedingly difficult task—so difficult that Shane Leslie, who tried it a couple of years ago, and did indeed produce the only recent book on Swift, announces in his second chapter that a Life of Swift will never be written. While this is an exaggeration, it is the sort of exaggeration that is necessary to suggest the truth. Swift, though a man of strong and direct emotions and of simple response to the emotion of others, and of strong and direct intellectual processes, yet was a man of complex and contradictory personality. He was a miser and yet he gave away money generously (there are still in Dublin families the first step in whose fortune is said to have been made through money given by "The Dean"); he hated mankind and yet he loved his friends lavishly and devotedly; of an arrogant independence, he yet was capable of painful toadying to men in power; of the utmost honesty he yet behaved without candor in his relations with Stella and Vanessa; with a passion for cleanliness far beyond the ideas of his age, his mind was perpetually obsessed by filth; behaving in England like an English patriot, in Ireland he aroused the people against England in words of such burning hatred that they have been used as political rallying-cries in Irish revolutionary movements ever since.

Swift himself was given a good deal to pondering upon the complexities and contradictoriness of man. There is in "A Tale of a Tub," a passage which might be taken as an unconscious revelation on his own kind of psychological complexity. Writing of the opposed qualities and desires of men who, when they have climbed up to the conception of a God must needs invent a being in antipathy to God and call him a Devil, he wonders—"Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason

* SWIFT: A Biography. By CARL VAN DOREN. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reflecting upon the sum of things can like the sun serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half, by necessity, under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshort and spent and weary and suddenly falls like a dead bird of paradise to the ground." Some of the contradictions in his character may have been caused by that nervous ailment the seeds of which showed themselves early in life and which made the end of his life such a catastrophe. Carl Van Doren describes this malady as "a form of auditory vertigo, the result perhaps of haemorrhage of the labyrinth of the ear." A diagnosis made in 1882 by a Doctor Bucknill describes Swift's ailment as Menière's Disease or Labyrinthine Vertigo, and this seems to me more likely to include whatever malady Swift had than a form of auditory vertigo, for Menière's Disease covers eight different sorts of affections. Swift certainly had an ailment the seat of which was in the labyrinth, and the labyrinth, to quote Jeliffe and White's interesting definition in their "Diseases of the Nervous System," is "that organ of the body which is concerned with the receiving of impressions of its position in space, particularly for the head. The meaning for the human body of the physical laws of gravity is its chief concern. . . . The labyrinth belongs to a series of organs that work in response to gravity. . . . It is the most important of these organs." I put it to Mr. Van Doren that if Swift's body had a defective response to the law of gravity, thereby giving him vertigo, this had a more fundamental influence on his outlook on the world and man than anything that was the result of haemorrhage of the labyrinth of the ear. If he also had syphilis his deafness might be accounted for.

❧ ❧ ❧

But whatever was the cause of his maladies and complexities, no previous biographer has shown so extensive a psychological understanding of Swift as has Mr. Van Doren. Most of the writing on Swift in existence, except the brilliant little biography by Leslie Stephen and the laborious Life of Sir Henry Craik, are sorry performances. Mr. Van Doren uses exactly the right expression for Thackeray's essay when he calls it "whimper and sniffle." In Thackeray's time, seeing that so great a writer could not be the "wild beast" that Walpole had called him, it became the correct thing to weep over his imaginary combination of vice, gloom, greatness, and unhappiness. The very fact that he preferred a Platonic relationship to a sex relationship with women caused him to be attacked as if this preference were some perverted form of vice. The *Edinburgh Review* called him a murderer; Macaulay called him "an apostate politician, a ribald priest, a perjured lover"; Churton Collins bracketted him and Napoleon as "egoists, despots, cynics." Taine, who never made criticism subservient to moralizings, considered that Swift showed preëminently the English mind and the English passions. There is nothing in Mr. Van Doren's biography to show that he might disagree with Taine. But I should like to state my own conviction that no great writer of English is so un-English and so fundamentally incomprehensible to Englishmen as Swift. For the truth is that Swift showed preëminently, however one may account for it, the Irish mind and the Irish passions. The failure to recognize this is the one failure in Mr. Van Doren's brilliant biography.

Swift was an unmistakable Irish type—a type that has always existed in Ireland, that shows itself in its earliest history and in its native literature. This is all the more curious because though he was born and educated in Ireland, his ancestry on both sides was purely English. It may be that Pavlov, or Dr. Watson, could explain his Irishry as they could explain Benjamin Franklin's Americanism by theories connected with behaviorism and conditioned reflexes and environment. It may have been that the original stock from which he sprang was Celtic, for, when his skull was dug up in 1835, it was pronounced by Sir William Wilde, who was a considerable antiquary, to "resemble in a most extraordinary manner those skulls of so-called Celtic aborigines of Northwestern Europe."

But it is Mr. Van Doren's great merit that his sense of life, as well as his sense of literature, is so strong that he is able to clear away very many of the clouds that shrouded Swift in incomprehensibility. Nobody writing in the laboratory, study manner generally applied to a great writer, could have revealed Swift at all, because, for Swift, life was action, and his writings were mostly done on the side as an aid to his life of action; some of it, like his riddles and a good deal of his verse, for idle entertainment, and some because his power of seeing through men and affairs demanded a record. "His ruling instinct," says Mr. Van Doren, with admirable insight, "was towards action amongst stubborn men," and this instinct kept him out of the study and forced him to live in a man's world where he mixed in the public life of his time, knew its great figures, fought difficult battles, and invented a method of political combat which when carried to a logical conclusion by later generations of Irishmen changed the history of the country of his birth.

The great life, the fascinating life, was for Swift such as could be got by being a person of political importance in England, for it was the tragedy of the country he was born in that it had and has but little to offer to ambition. Now, persons of political importance in England were in the main Englishmen of the upper classes who had wealth and land and position—people to whose psychology, tradition and the laws of entail had done something so remarkable that the very fact of a man's inheriting an estate and a house from his ancestors gave him an array of virtues proper to that inheritance—virtues that could be calculated on to such an extent that it was safe to put any member of that class in a ruling or responsible position regardless of whether he had what theologians called "natural virtue" or not; he simply was the man the code demanded. It was, perhaps, a too common English illusion that nobody else outside that class and race had those particular virtues at all.

Anyhow, Swift was an outsider; he was born in Ireland, educated in a Norman-Irish school in Kilkenny and in Trinity College in Dublin. Thus, on one side his destiny was decided by the fact that he was born and educated in Ireland, on the other side by the fact that he was the poor relation of Sir William Temple's wife, the wonderful Dorothy Osborne. This relationship landed him at the age of twenty-one into the job of being secretary to Sir William at Moor Park. Temple was a diplomat, a statesman, and a man of letters; in his house Swift came into touch with the great world which included King William. Such connections added to Swift's ambition; as it was an age of patronage he reasonably expected some sort of patronage from Temple in return for his services. When, after a few years this was not forthcoming, the great diplomat and his secretary parted company, and Swift went to Ireland, took orders, and became the parson of Kilroot—an obscure job in an obscure corner of the world. Soon he regretted leaving Sir William, and in due course returned to Moor Park, this time in a more independent position. This time the stimulus that came to him in Sir William's house was not so much political as literary; he was drawn into the controversy over the ancients and the moderns, and wrote "The Battle of the Books" and "A Tale of a Tub," a wild, fantastic, glorious book, the high-water mark of English prose. On Sir William's death, and after some ups and downs, Swift went back to Ireland where the Viceroy gave him the vicarage of Laracor and Rathbeggan in County Meath, where, after a while Esther Johnson (Stella) came to live. But he kept up his contacts with his political friends in London.

❧ ❧ ❧

It was an age when governments were run by men of fashion who were wits, assisted on the side by wits who were not men of fashion: all the chief writers of the day had their hands in politics—Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Rowe wrote on the Whig side; Prior and Atterbury wrote on the Tory side. What political writing Swift had done was on the Whig side, and it was only a matter of time until his pen would be more eagerly sought for by ambitious politicians than the pen of any other wit. The whole drama of the politics of the period, the steps by which Swift joined Harley and became what can best be described as publicity-director and moulder of public opinion for the Tories, is described by Mr. Van Doren in a section of his book called "The Man in Power," in a manner which shows a masterly organization of difficult material. For its temper, its easy knowledge of the period, its clarity of presentation, its comprehension of the characters of Bolingbroke and Harley ("the whispering Harley and the glittering Bolingbroke"—how excellently pointed are Mr. Van Doren's epithets!)—for the revelation of Swift himself, for the style in which the whole section is written, a reader with any knowledge of the difficulties conquered must offer admiring salutations.

This intervention of Swift's in politics probably represents the strangest part in affairs ever played by a great writer. All the time he was the aide of Harley and Bolingbroke, he was intimate with the great writers of the time, he was their friend and helper and formed with them the Scriblerus Club, and kept up a correspondence with them from Dublin afterwards when he had become Dean of St. Patrick's. Yet he believed that his real work was in his political career; his writing he regarded as play. As Dean of St. Patrick's his plunge into Irish politics, the creative ideas he contributed to Irish nationality had consequences which place him amongst the makers of modern Ireland. But all this movement in Irish affairs which was a greater part of Swift's life than his few year's alliance with the English Tories, as well as the Irish quality of his mind, is as much of a mystery to Mr. Van Doren as it has been to the English biographers of Swift. And this is not surprising, for it requires a profound knowledge of Ireland to estimate such things.

❧ ❧ ❧

His return to Ireland where Stella waited for him brings us to another side of Swift's life which Mr. Van Doren treats with understanding and commonsense—his relations with women—where he shows what we cannot help believing is convincing insight. He has the good sense to avoid the melodramatic, knowing what little melodrama enters into any man's relations with any woman unless he is a gangster or a racketeer. He wastes little unnecessary sympathy with the two women, Stella and Vanessa; as a matter of fact there has never been much reason for shedding tears over Stella's fate, whatever one might do over Vanessa's. Stella was the most intimate friend of one of the greatest men of his time, a man who was devoted to her, who had educated her and cultivated her mind; she lived in an age when people knew nothing about sex-frustration, or the dangers of suppressed libidos, and these notions, having made no entrance into her mind, probably made no entrance into her life. Swift loved her devotedly, though there is not a line in existence to show that he had ever been in love with her. If the truth were recognized, very few people are capable of falling profoundly and passionately in love, anyway, and women, according to the newer psychology, less than men. So that, on the whole, Stella probably got more than the average share of happiness, even if she did not taste all the possibilities of life.

The case of Vanessa is somewhat different: she must have been one of the most difficult of women for a coy and prudent gentleman to cope with. Unlike Stella who took what she got and was thankful, Vanessa was an unsatisfied, passionate, and interfering woman who wanted the Dean's love and nothing short of it, and who chafed under his restrictions and exhortations to avoid occasions for gossip. Nevertheless, while there is no discoverable tradition around Laracor of Swift's making love to Stella, there are all sorts of charming stories around Celbridge of the Dean's walks and talks with Vanessa. Whereas the house that tradition points out as Stella's is small and mean, Marlay Abbey, which was Vanessa's, is one of the most beautiful of houses, and has about it a fascination that affects one like a spell. Unlike most Irish houses which are rather ponderously built this one is bright and gay like a French château; even in the room where, we are told, Swift in rage flung the letter Vanessa had written to Stella, and then rode away without a word, there is no sadness but a subtle gaiety and whimsicality: it is as if some fairy princess lived there once and left behind her some blithe enchantment. If we could believe in atmosphere and folk-tales and pay no attention to written documents, then this house and its grounds were the scene of a dream-like love-affair, and Swift and Vanessa walked and read by the dream-like river that flows through the grounds. So powerful and strange are the invisible marks that the passions and personalities of men leave behind them that the atmosphere of this house and its grounds and the folk-lore around make it difficult to judge the story of Swift and Vanessa entirely from written evidence.

❧ ❧ ❧

It happens that there are two streams of evidence about Dean Swift in Ireland; he is not only a literary figure, he is a folk-hero. In him and his works a great part of the Irish temperament has expressed itself. The critics who have taken him as an original without affinities in literature were ignorant of his affinities with Gaelic literature. He did not know Gaelic literature directly, but all around him he heard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

translations of it and he knew the mentality which had produced part of it. He had a like mentality—the mentality of the satirical Irish bards whose satire was supposed to blast the ones on whom it was turned. When he wrote "Gulliver's Travels" the pedants all quoted the learned authors, Latin and others, that Swift had taken the idea from, but every Irish shanachie and ballad-singer who sang the Dean's poems, which perhaps were not poetry at all, knew that he had got the notion of Gulliver from the story in the Ultonian cycle upon the King of the Little People's visit to King Fergus and from Finn's adventures amongst the Big Men. Gulliver had entertained the King of the Brobdignagians much as Eisert of the Little Folk had entertained the court of King Fergus, and the King of the Little Folk had nearly lost his life in the King's porridge-pot as Gulliver' nearly lost his in the bowl of cream.

It is in fact vain to try and judge the work of any Irish writer without a knowledge of the Gaelic inheritance which has influenced everybody born in Ireland. Swift is almost *the* Irish national writer; he expressed great dislike of the country, for true to his temperament, he hated and loved it. Most curiously in his work he has expressed the country and its people. There are many Irish types, but the type the Dean stands for embraces something more commonly found in Ireland than any other type. His mentality is the same in kind, though, naturally, not in degree, as the mentality of half the Irish nation—the same in kind is the satirical quality of his mind, the same the manner of thinking and feeling. His countrymen might keep Moore's Melodies on the top of the piano to advertise their gentility and sing them on Sundays and off days, but the Dean's verses, the Dean's works, represented their daily boon-companions. One can still hear the songs Swift made about Wood's ha'pence sung in the streets of Dublin with the substitution of herrings for ha'pence. Something outrageous and bawdy in the Irish temperament which exists side by side with the narrowest Puritanism and genteelness found delighted expression in the extravagant intellectual foolery, the mockery, and coarseness of the Dean's verse.

There are kinds of satire represented in Swift that can hardly be understood outside Ireland, that, anyhow, never yet have been understood. There are uses of language, a manner of fusing together intellect and emotion so that the resulting expression has the naked directness that is a distinguishing quality of Irish writing, has its highest manifestation in the Dean's prose. The affinities of a writer like James Joyce, say, are extremely difficult to discover if the critic has to judge him by pure English literature. But when one can compare him with Swift there is to be found a kinship, a common inheritance, that makes either of them more comprehensible by comparison with the other. Even the pranks that Joyce is playing with the English language have their points of resemblance with the "little language" Swift invented for Stella. So that it happens that great as is my admiration for Mr. Van Doren's achievement, all this article is colored by the prejudice of one who believes that Swift and his work are not really comprehensible to any biographer except one born and bred in Ireland.

Rural England

THE VILLAGE BOOK. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930.

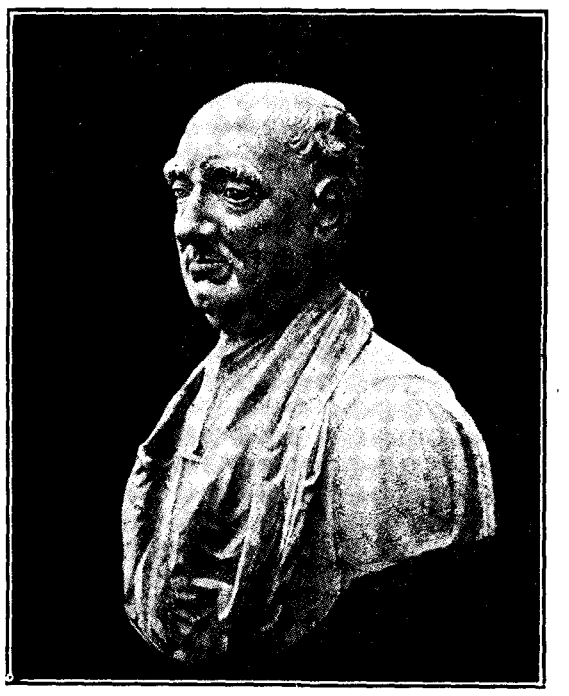
Reviewed by BROOKS SHEPARD

THE author of "Tarka the Otter," "The Patriot's Progress," and other books of distinction, here attempts an interpretation of rural England's lanes and walled ditches, her simple men and women, her birds and beasts. In weaving the fabric of his book, this young English writer has played an odd and pleasant trick. He exposes it in his dedication, and near the close of the book he writes with engaging candor:

> The village of Ham does not exist in the world of reality, nor are any of the human and other beings described in it necessarily real beings. For instance, the parson who buried the baby is not the parson who handed out tracts during the snow of 1929, nor is the tractiferous parson the man who preached against the "evils of idle gossip." To go further along the narrow way of precision, I cannot truthfully declare that any baby was buried, that any tract was awarded, that any sermon was preached, in the manner I have written: I can only say that certain sensuory effects of these things were made on my consciousness at certain times, like seals in wax; and in the "Village Book" are the impressions of village life as they have been made on me.

It is no new thing for an essayist to wander from the rugged and stony path of actuality in order to attain truth by a short cut; but he is likely to be held close to the track by a childish and unwarranted feeling that it is immoral to deceive people in what purports to be non-fiction. This Williamson, by his candid gesture, at a single stroke frees his art of moral shackles and arms it with a double-barrelled gun. To the essayist's craft he joins the craft of fiction, so that if the one merely wings the truth, the other will bring it down. The disingenuousness of his gesture is only apparent. Williamson is a trained craftsman, and for all his protest that he finds writing a bit of a grind, his mellow prose is compact and disciplined and full of guile.

Williamson's work has been compared, a little too hastily, we think, with that of W. H. Hudson. Like Hudson, he writes absorbingly of land and sky and sea, of lanes and hedge rows, of birds and of beasts. Unlike Hudson, he is not a field naturalist, though he is an alert observer. He does not speculate, as Hudson speculated, upon the behavior of animals and birds; he is content to understand them through his emotions, and through that intuitive sense of the oneness of life which comes to us all who



JONATHAN SWIFT.

live much out of doors. In writing of birds, he recalls Algernon Blackwood, not Hudson. Like Hudson, he is impatient with the stupidities of men; but unlike Hudson, he is never bitter. He is ironic, with an irony so fastidious that one is never conscious of indictment, and he is watchfully detached. He is almost too detached. One is uncomfortably aware of his notebook; the notebook in which he records crudities of viewpoint and of speech, but which seems to hold no record of loyalty and sacrifices and faith. Among peasants and parsons and pensioners, one expects a certain grubbiness of thought, for these villagers are uncomplicated folk; but the cloistered traditionalism which binds their thinking also prescribes rules of conduct which lead simple folk, in their times of crisis, to acts of heroic self-renunciation. Perhaps his notebook frightened them, so that they feared to tell him of the things closest to their hearts.

Yet with all his detachment there runs throughout his book that poignant note of devotion-to-country which we hear so often in the songs that come to us out of England. English writers are telling of England intensely and passionately, almost as if they wrote of a thing they loved and feared to lose. It is with an odd sense of wistfulness, almost of loneliness, that we in America listen to this note, which young Williamson sounds with his so rare and compelling beauty in "The Village Book."

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, writer, bibliographer, and collector, has given the University of Pennsylvania $20,000 for the establishment of an honorary fellowship in bibliography.

The fellowship is believed to be the first in this field established at a university in this country, and was endowed by Dr. Rosenbach because of an appreciation of the steadily increasing interest in bibliography and his belief that a fellowship in the subject would be of material advantage not only to the University of Pennsylvania Library, but also to all other libraries in Philadelphia.

University authorities are preparing to fill the fellowship, and an appointment will be made in the near future.

Dr. Rosenbach, who is an alumnus of the University of Pennsylvania, is an internationally recognized authority on rare books and manuscripts.

A Spasm of Lucidity

GOOD-BYE TO WESTERN CULTURE. By NORMAN DOUGLAS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by MURIEL DRAPER

NORMAN DOUGLAS is a civilized man. It is not surprising that the "frousy and fidgetty little hole called Europe" is getting on his nerves, nor that, in this book he writes it a long letter of farewell.

The letter is more of a gesture than an act of renunciation; he is looking up trains, but not packing his trunks. For where can he go and be certain of greeting life on civilized terms? On what continent will he find a welcoming culture, in this, the twentieth century of the Lord's time, and the foremost unreasonable century of all time? Douglas suggests that the East, doubtless because he does not live there, offers something in this respect. Or is it because his vigorous critical abilities and natural sense of justice have been aroused by his chance reading of "Mother India?"—a book which he admits was the source of irritation that prodded him into writing this volume.

* * *

In any case, in this book, he indulges himself in a leisurely, humorous way, by attacks upon the habits, beliefs, governments, intellectual attainments, social ideals, and moral hypocrisies—in short, the scale of values by which life is lived in Europe and England today: and though he does not as yet "know" America, his standards of criticism are as perfectly applicable to this country as those in which he has lived. He writes with rigorous candor, a very lively wit, and occasional bursts of really fine invective, of rape and passports, murders and taxes, and the general futility of "trying to teach your grandmother to suck eggs."

Sitting on the red velvet seat of a railway carriage one hot August day, Douglas finds that comfort everywhere in the West is negligible. It is a good starting point. From there on, he examines the nourishment obtainable for body, mind, and soul in the so-called civilized world, and though he points to many things in the East that are meagre fare—things that Katherine Mayo has overlooked—he nevertheless feels that "Oriental life engenders self-respect and ease of soul . . . what we Europeans lack and what we need more than anything else. . . . Over-government is killing self-respect and hustle is killing ease of soul."

* * *

This hustle and over-government he believes to be an inevitable outcome of beaureaucratic methods in politics, nervous exhaustion in society, and the necessity we are under to consume the products of a highly organized scientific industry, and the industry of science. Escape from, or correction of these evils is not—so he affirms, any of his business. But he has made it a part of his contemplative pleasure, and goes so far as to say:

> If I were asked what Europe requires at this moment I should say it is men who can evolve notions independent of other folks, men who can think without thinking what they are expected to think, men who tend to diverge from the common rut and are able to contemplate with fresh eyes what is going on around them. Such men might see what is amiss, and might discern remedies.

He does not claim to be one of these men. He refuses the responsibility of the "variety of meddlesomeness" he judges all reform to be. He pretends that "an occasionable spasm of lucidity is all we may expect," and that the futures of Europe and Asia are matters of no import to him or any sensible man. His attitude is, so he says, to "observe, and pass on." And yet one does not feel this to be altogether true of the man. Writing, as he does in this book, from the top of his mind, one is often aware that the richer depths beneath are stirred, and could become articulate if anyone would listen. His acquired cynicism fights with his natural idealism, and when he says that "a man who reforms himself has contributed his full share towards the reformation of his neighbor," it is an indication that herein lies, for him, the possible cure of much that is vulgar, somnambulistic, ugly, and stupid in our flurried and purposeless lives.

He brings statistics to bear upon the important question of our standards of health, with the foregone conclusion that disease keeps only fairly even pace with its elaborately maintained treatment. He compares the sex-hygiene of the East with that of the West, charging official Christianity with the crime of holding women in the most brutal enslavement,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and therefore guilty of their physical and moral degradation, with rather trite allusions to prostitution here and there. In the gradual rejection of such behavior as these practices impose, he sees a gleam of hope—a gleam that is focussed upon the women themselves.

Universal education comes in for the familiar share of battering that is its due. He sums it up by asking, "What is the use of education if, instead of producing a sensitive and cultured mind, it frets away our finer edges?" Religious superstitions and bigotry in the West are as flourishing, though less directly useful, than those that are so honorable a part of Oriental life: monotheism in particular is, in his opinion, a most ignoble and transparent device. "A Great Being who sets the Cosmos in motion and then goes to sleep: that will pass. One who remains awake and responsible for all that happens on earth is a monster. . . . A single God is an absurdity and a bore." The theatre, as a test of intelligence, brings its own burden of inadequacy to the scene.

The book is in no structural sense a book. It is the casual and spontaneously haphazard recording of the findings of an alert and deeply nourished mind, as it moves freely over the surface of our world, and speculates on the remoteness of the people who inhabit it from the processes of nature that created it: he writes what he has to *say* about this, and therefore the most pertinent method of presenting it is to quote him. The main undercurrent of the book is emotional (though he would kill me for saying so), and invades you as you read.

When and if he considers that thinking about these problems is worth the effort, he could give us the real work of which this is a random collection of notes. "A How Do You" to a new culture, or better still a "Why Do You Do" to mankind, is what we should have from him, who, though he professes that "the business of life is to enjoy oneself," means by the word "enjoy" much that has gone out of life, leaving it a more limited and cumbersome vehicle for living than it was ever meant to be.

The Municipal Dilemma

THE THIRD *NEW YORKER* ALBUM. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE BLAKE

BUT what, after all, is a New Yorker? It is difficult enough for the European visitor to understand this Manhattan in its physical manifestations. Twenty-four hours after landing at Pier 54 or thereabouts, he feels fully equipped to write that book of impressions his publishers expect of him, but three days later he becomes aware of dreadful uncertainties. At the end of a week, if he be a wise and cautious man, he decides that the whole fantastic outfit of New York defies synthesis and national explanation. What puzzles him most, I fancy, is the distinctly temporary air the city wears —as if even the stainless steel of the Empire State building might tomorrow, on the whim of a restless people, become one with the T-model Fords on the junk heaps that charm the eye of the traveler passing through Brooklyn towards Manhasset, the Walt Whitman country, and Mr. Rothman's agreeable establishment. This apparent insincerity of tenure perplexes the non-quota immigrant, I say, and he is apt to surprise his American friends by finding only in the old Post Office—that delicious souvenir of Ostend—and in the châlets that straddle the Elevated tracks those symbols of continuity of tradition his European mind instinctively craves.

As he has to struggle to understand New York, just so must your average visitor battle with his own prejudices and preconceptions to see the New Yorker and see him whole. Is he the Polish gentleman who tried to sell me a watch and chain, a *nice* watch and chain, outside the Pennsylvania Terminal on the morning of October 28th? Or the Negro who has just brought me a jug of ice-water? Or the Italian who provides me occasionally with the "purposeful benzine" of John Mistletoe's reminiscences? . . . The safe generalization, you see, is hopelessly elusive. But if I can dare to say that New York wears a temporary air, I will dare to say that the New Yorker —gloriously friendly, generous, cheerful, adventurous fellow that he is—has yet within him a strain of uneasiness, of self-consciousness, of not-just-quite sureness. "Whadja think of Noo York?"—it really sounds like that to British ears—is popped off at the stranger a dozen times a day. One can fill the lungs, fix the interlocutor with a genial eye, and shout "Swell!" thus soothing the strange provincialism of the largest city in the world. It is, at the worst, only a white lie. But it is not the truth, the whole truth, about what the writer of the foreword to the delightful volume under review calls, in an inspired phrase, "the municipal dilemma."

To cut a long story short, I should, if asked to explain the New Yorker in unequivocal terms, point to the *New Yorker*. Has any city ever had such a perfect vehicle of self-confession? Like New York, it is always up-to-date—and is yet uneasily aware of the fact that up-to-dateness for its own sake is a thing hardly worth having. It can turn savagely on pretentions and silly things: the "uplift" experts, the flush victim of excess under Prohibition, the stupidly rich—and yet it seems to be turning the blade in a self-inflicted wound. It is gay—and yet knows that for every peal of laughter somebody has to shed a gallon of tears. It can be savage and angry—and yet there is never a trace of the gall of irony in its attacks. It is, indeed, awfully like that laughing, but slightly uncomfortable, realist of a New Yorker I think I begin to understand.

This—the third album of jokes selected from a year's numbers of the *New Yorker*—is, of course, fabulously amusing over and above its value as a barometer of racial tendencies. And one is moved to laughter by the force of two things that are absolutely new in pictorial journalism—an original and highly individual technique of drawing, and a type of jest that depends not on a neat verbal exchange but on the artist's ability to create a comic situation and leave its implications to the delighted reader. For the development of that technique I fancy Mr. Peter Arno is largely responsible, but I am sure he will not begrudge my reverential salute to the genius of Miss Helen Hokinson and other artists whose signatures are to my merely British eyes indecipherable. As for the joke of the comic situation, what could be better than that of the convivial-looking gentleman, all hot and bothered by the intricacies of his evening clothes, demanding of his wife: "Why should I dress up to see a show about a sea gull?" Why, indeed! Then there are the researches of Mr. John Held (Junior) into the family album; and—Oh, go and buy the thing!

I wish we could have in London something like the *New Yorker*, for, though a staunch patriot within reason, I do prefer him to *Punch* in my weekly dose of entertainment. But that, perhaps, is because I am Scot and discover in myself strange, exciting affinities with this Throg's-Necked generation, the people of contemporary Manhattan.

Hoodlum Rule

CHICAGO SURRENDERS. By EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by W. R. BURNETT

MR. SULLIVAN concludes his new account of the Chicago crime situation as follows:

> . . . thuggery . . . has met no serious rebuff on any front. Its hoodlum marshals obviously have the situation well in hand.

It is amusing as well as instructive to recall that his first book, "Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime," ended on an optimistic note. Chicago, I believe he said, was aroused at last; "thuggery" was doomed. His swing is radical and understandable. But events have proven him to have been unduly sanguine in his first book, and I think that time will prove him unduly pessimistic in his second. Especially in regard to his attitude on the repeal of the Volstead Act.

Mr. Sullivan, I think, has been led by Wet Propaganda into believing that all Wets, fanatical or moderate, imagine that an immediate paradise on earth will result from a repeal of the Volstead Act. Few if any really think this. It is merely the necessary hoopla without which no law or ordinance of any importance is ever passed in These States. In such cases, shades of opinion are always ignored; white and black are dealt with. The Drys promised a purified land without prisons, asylums, or hospitals. The Wets, in order to win, must promise contentment, prosperity, and order.

Mr. Sullivan's attitude toward repeal is indefensible. He contends that the repeal will turn loose on America countless hordes of unoccupied criminals, who were formerly in the booze racket; this, in a measure, is true. But he further contends that this army, used to enormous sums of easy money, will organize and rob on a colossal scale, that they will buy up the police, and that the country will be at their mercy. In other words he wants us to believe that the most powerful and prosperous nation in the world, a nation of nearly 15,000,000 people, will give itself up to anarchy and allow a minority to run riot unchecked.

It might be urged that this is at present happening. It is in a certain degree. But it is because the Prohibition law has made the public indulgent. The country is thirsty; gallons of liquor are consumed weekly. This liquor is provided by gangsters to whose activities the drinking citizen has become accustomed. In other words, public opinion does not consider bootlegging "wrong," and even murders arising from this trade are not looked upon with the horror reserved for purely, shall we say, lay murders. This is the direct result of Prohibition.

Repeal the Volstead Act and you will have an entirely different situation. Not that there will be instantly a new Eden, far from it; there will be temporary confusion. But the enormous profits criminals are getting from the sale of booze will be immediately curtailed. In a little while the indulgence for criminals will be gone and a powerful public opinion will force judges, policemen, and mayors to act against crime, however corrupt they may be.

No one, I think, contends that crime has got out of hand merely because of its own power. It can never do that. When organized society decides to fight crime seriously crime hasn't a chance, as was proven in the Old West by the Vigilantes. Virginia City and many of the old western towns had crime situations analogous to Chicago's. Public opinion, up in arms at last, cleaned up.

But aside from all this, Mr. Sullivan's book is good journalistic work and may be read either seriously as a contemporary document of importance, or picked up for an hour's entertainment. Much of it, however, is familiar, containing, as it does, stories which have been told a dozen times, by Bennett, by John Bright, and Mr. Sullivan himself.

Classic Stories

ORPHEUS: MYTHS OF THE WORLD. By PADRAIC COLUM. Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by HARTLEY ALEXANDER

SOMEHOW first-off I caught the title wrong, reading "Orpheus-myths of the World"; and I greeted it with a leap of expectancy. For there are few still-to-be-understood *motifs* of myth which are so rich in example and so tantalizing in sense as that which is classic in the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice. In forms now grisly, now pathetic, now lovely, the story is world-cast, and there is a great book in it for any who can read out the place of man's heart in this which we call Nature. My wish no doubt, fathered the thought that Padraic Colum might be giving us that book,—but it happened that his mind was elsewhere, and so I must settle down to the cool dispassion of another matter. Quite justly, for it is no business of a reviewer to exact the book.

Actually "Myths of the World" is the descriptive title. "Orpheus" is only the jacket that brings the eye to the book,—handsomely justified in this case by the design with which Boris Artzybasheff adorns the paper, quite the best in his interesting series, so that it is a pity that it must be lost with the flimsy and is not repeated within the binding. The plan is simple enough. From Egypt to Zuni, from Babylonia to Polynesia, wherever tales have been told and recorded, streams of a poetry whose sources lie

The Saturday Review of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....*Contributing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 7, No. 18.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

Copyright, 1931, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beyond memory have formed into nymphan pools, and beside them the Irish poet has lingered, concerned only for the local genius. There are no by-plays for the erudite, no student-of-mythology artifice,—and one must not at all confuse this with Salomon Reinach's "Orpheus," as to motive or matter. Further, there are no concessions to ignorance. In his introduction Mr. Colum indicates the primary among his sources; but to understand how he has employed them, with what selection from this, what color from that, it is entirely necessary that the reader know the source. Fortunately this understanding is no more than a prefatory one. The author really does not care whether you—the reader—know or ignore *the workshop end of his tale-telling.* What is his concern is the story, just for the poetry's sake. By and large, the selections are as happy as might be; everywhere there is an eye for the center of the cycle; and if you enjoy myths told just as the teller might, and have in yourself the blessed gift out of their simplicities to bring forth the fantasy, then you will enjoy this book,—all unconstrained by today or tomorrow, for the half hundred and more of stories form each its own world, bubble now but once life.

There are a lot of pedantic nothings that might be said, wisacrely, about Mr. Colum's sources, selections, phrasings, spellings, colorings. But why pedantry where poetry is the only concern? My most substantial regret, as reviewer, is that the author felt constrained to write (and the announcive publishers to play up) a prefatory essay on the "Significance of Mythology." It is lame to the point of limping from any scholar's (forgive me the word!) point of view. If any bookish "front" or "face" were needed, as author's (and publisher's?) justification, it could all have been taken care of by a page of eight-point notes in the backage of the volume . . . but I see that word-jargon is delivering me up to anatomical paradox! The simple moral is, when you take up the book skip the introduction.

More Boswell

THE BOSWELL PAPERS OF THE ISHAM COLLECTION. Vols. 7, 8, 9. Edited by FREDERICK A. POTTLE. Privately printed by WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE. 1930.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

ANY one who thought that Geoffrey Scott had perhaps skimmed the cream off the Boswell papers will be agreeably surprised by the three volumes recently edited by Professor Pottle. They cover the period 1765-1774, nine of the most fruitful years of Boswell's life, during which he sprang into fame as the champion of Corsica, established himself as a busy lawyer in Edinburgh, and committed the wisest act of his life in marrying his cousin, Margaret Montgomerie.

Professor Pottle has maintained the same high standard of editorial tact and scholarship that was set by Geoffrey Scott. Like his predecessor he has avoided the temptation to play the showman, for Boswell's extraordinary candor must have tempted him again and again to forget that a good editor does not advertise his wares. When Boswell says in one of his letters to his fiancée "I am sure I have told you everything bad about myself," Professor Pottle contents himself with the laconic comment "he probably came nearer to telling the truth than any other lover in history." The only editorial difference between these volumes and the earlier ones is that Professor Pottle prints the journals in their entirety regardless of any obscurities. Even the condensed journals, which are little more than notes, are included.

We left Boswell at the end of the fifth volume luxuriating in "the charms of sweet Siena." In the end of September, 1765, he finally tears himself away and embarks on his long contemplated trip to Corsica. Rousseau, who had been asked to draw up a constitution for Corsica, had originally kindled Boswell's interest in the Corsicans and their picturesque chieftain Paoli. His own insatiable curiosity, combined with a romantic but perfectly genuine admiration for an oppressed nation, had decided him to explore the country for himself. Paoli was at first bewildered by this strange, expansive young Scotchman, and then like everybody else he thawed in the warmth of Boswell's good humor. But Boswell was not merely a sympathetic and agreeable companion; he soon showed himself an effective ally. As Paoli had anticipated, his "Account of Corsica" had a prodigious effect. "A man come from Corsica will be like a m[illegible] from the Antipodes" he told Boswell, and he was not mistaken. Trevelyan in his life of Charles James Fox speaks of it as by far the best account of the island that has ever been written, and the "Journal of a Tour to Corsica" is even better reading than "the Account." The infamous heresy that Boswell blundered into fame by attaching himself to Johnson has long ago been dispelled, but the fact that Boswell would still have been a distinguished man even if he had never met Johnson is only now being realized. To the end of his life he gloried in the nickname "Corsica."

Not content with literary fame for himself he pushed the claims of Corsica upon the great Mr. Pitt. He called upon him in his rooms in Bond Street and when he was refused, announced that he would "call ten times if necessary." The second time he was admitted and found himself pleading his case before "a tall man in black clothes, with a white nightcap and his foot all wrapp'd up in flannel on a Gout Stool." In the interview Pitt was politely non-committal, but Boswell pursued him with ardent letters urging him to support the independence of Corsica. These letters have already been published in the Chatham Correspondence. Taken in conjunction with Boswell's own journal they illustrate his petty vanity and fine idealism, qualities which are apt to clash in other men but in Boswell always managed to harmonize. "Could your Lordship" he writes "find time to honour me now and then with a letter? I have been told how favourably

JAMES BOSWELL
From a sketch by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the possession of John Murray.

Your Lordship has spoke of me. To correspond with a Paoli and with a Chatham is enough to keep a young man ever ardent in the pursuit of virtuous fame."

No wonder he could not rid his mind of Corsica, as Johnson begged him to do. More than the great Doctor himself Corsica permeated every nook and cranny of his character. It satisfied his idealism, it kept him in contact with great men, and it assured him a wide publicity. How real was the effect of Boswell's efforts on Paoli's behalf may be gathered from the unwilling testimony of one who had little respect for him. "Foolish as we are," wrote Lord Holland, "we cannot be so foolish as to go to war because Mr. Boswell has been in Corsica."

The return journey to London was enlivened as Boswell enlivened all his journeys with promiscuous amours. In Paris where he hears of his mother's death he is at first quite stunned with grief, but he quickly recovers himself. He dines with the Dutch ambassador, talks much of Corsica, and then rushes off to a brothel "as in a fever." He also finds time to thrust his company upon Horace Walpole, who tried unsuccessfully to avoid him, and to visit the Luxembourg, but he discovers as so many of us have discovered since "that it was not the day to see the gallery." On the advice of Wilkes he decided to return home at once owing to the death of his mother. Perhaps the decision was also prompted by the chance of accompanying Rousseau's mistress, Thérèse LeVasseur, across the Channel. Boswell was not the man to miss such an opportunity of obtaining valuable information about one of his heroes. From all accounts Thérèse LeVasseur was a most unattractive woman, vulgar as well as illiterate, but it had always been supposed that she was faithful to Rousseau. That one virtue must now be taken from her. The entries of the first eleven days of February, 1766, during which Boswell and Thérèse were pursuing their leisurely way from Paris to London are now missing from the Journal, having been destroyed just prior to the transference of the papers to Colonel Isham, but it is clear that they drifted into an intrigue. Professor Pottle looks upon the Thérèse LeVasseur episode as "farce," but is there not an element of farce in all Boswell's amours? Except for his wife, whom he loved genuinely after his fashion, Boswell was incapable of any relationship with women that was not either ridiculous or disgusting. When he was not "roaring," to use his own phrase, after women of the town, he was pursuing heiresses for their money, or writing fatuous letters to Zélide or Porzia Sansedoni.

And yet in spite of his infidelities and his drunkenness Boswell contrived to make his wife happy. Mrs. Boswell, as we know from the "Life of Johnson," was in many ways the exact opposite of her husband. She preferred Scotland to England, she did not like traveling, and she did not share Boswell's enthusiasm for Johnson, although on one occasion she did send the great man a jar of marmalade as a token of reconciliation. Johnson respected her even if he did tease her about her dislike for him—he must have been a trying guest for any hostess—and he was wise enough to see how essential she was to Boswell's happiness. Today we know, what perhaps Johnson only guessed, that Margaret Boswell was not only a sensible wife but a very gallant woman. The love letters written by Boswell and his fiancée in the seven months preceding their marriage seem to us almost the richest treasure of the Malahide hoard.

By a strange fatality the originals of Margaret Montgomerie's letters, with one exception, have disappeared from the fireproof safe which Colonel Isham has provided for the protection of the Boswell papers. Fortunately the letters had all been copied by a typist before their disappearance.

At the time of her engagement Margaret Montgomerie believed that marriage meant going into immediate exile with her husband and living on about a hundred pounds a year. Apparently Boswell made this proposal to test her devotion. If she hesitated to accept him on these terms he would know that she did not love him, and he would "set sail for America and become a wild Indian." This, says Boswell in his journal, "was truly romantic." Fortunately Mrs. Boswell contrived to ignore certain qualities, which in the eyes of any other woman would have made him utterly impossible as a husband. Perhaps it was his amazing simplicity, the characteristic which so endeared him to Goldsmith and Johnson, that won her heart. She was herself a remarkably downright person and it may well be that his honesty compensated for every fault. "It is on account of your health," she writes him, "that I am most uneasy, as I am not afraid but you will be very sober when you reflect that being otherwise will make a person unhappy who would sacrifice a good deal for your satisfaction." Knowing the very worst about him she never gave up hoping for the best.

* * *

Boswell's ingenuous vanity is nowhere better exemplified than in his account of the Shakespeare festival at Stratford in 1769. He was happily inspired to attend the festival in Corsican dress. Johnson much to his disappointment did not accompany him to Stratford, but he had the satisfaction of meeting Garrick whom he compelled to listen to an ode he had written for the occasion. The journal of this jaunt is inimitably Boswellian. "I went to the Ball tonight, just to see how the company looked when drest, and to be able to tell that I had been there. . . . My Corsican dress attracted everybody. I was as much a favorite as I could desire."

This is the Boswell who excited the compassionate contempt of Macaulay, and in the Isham Papers he stands revealed to the world even more naked and unashamed. But there is another Boswell revealed in these journals not so well known, of whom Macaulay was completely unaware—the Boswell who defended John Reid, the sheep-stealer, an obscure criminal whom nobody else cared to defend. He had nothing to gain by taking Reid's case for the man was penniless, and it was a foregone conclusion that he would be convicted, but Boswell was always ready to champion a lost cause. He even evolved a scheme for resuscitating the corpse after hanging, and only gave it up because the doctors despaired of success. Boswell always acted from mixed motives, and there was no doubt another reason for his devotion to a doomed man. Funerals and executions had an irresistible attraction for him. Just as he posted off to see David Hume on his deathbed because he must know how an atheist [illegible] face his Maker.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so he continued to visit John Reid up to the very hour of his death. Every detail of the execution is faithfully described in the journal. We may say that there is nothing very admirable about this macabre curiosity, but Boswell was not merely curious. Underneath all his worldliness he was a deeply religious man. If he felt the necessity of familiarizing himself with death and of trying to relieve the sufferings of guilty men, it was because he was so painfully conscious of his own backslidings. He needed some such bitter tonic to purify his own blood.

It is so easy to laugh at Boswell that we are apt to forget the finer side of his character—his honesty with himself, his hatred of cruelty, and his quick response to every appeal for help. We forget, too, that he possessed a capacity for work that many more respectable men might envy. His review of the Summer Session of 1774 is certainly not the record of a graceful trifler:

> I never was so busy, having written 50 Law papers, nor made so much money, having got 120 Guineas. I had been up allmost every morning at seven, and sometimes earlier. I had been in the Court of Session allmost every morning precisely at nine, Charles Hay and I having agreed that whichever of us was later of coming than the other, after the nine o'clock bell was rung out, should lose a shilling; and I think I was a few mornings a little late, and he a few, so that upon the whole we were equal. I had advanced in practice, and kept clear of the President. I had distinguished myself nobly in a capital Trial. I had been a good deal in company, and in the best company of the Place, both in my own house and in their houses. I had therefore great reason to be satisfied, having enjoyed, withall, good health and spirits. But I had been much intoxicated—I may say drunk—six times, and still oftener heated with liquor to feverishness. I had hardly read any thing but mere law; I had paid very little attention to the duties of Piety, though I had allmost every day, morning and evening, addressed a short prayer to God. Old Izaac Walton had done me good; and frequently in the course of the day, I had meditated on death and a future state. Let me endeavour every session and every year to improve.

If the Boswell Papers are obtainable in Paradise, and even in Paradise they could not ask for a more sumptuous edition, let us hope that this record will catch the eye of Lord Macaulay.

* * *

Since this article was written a new treasure trove of manuscripts of James Boswell, including 107 pages of the original manuscript of "The Life of Samuel Johnson" and all the original manuscript of "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," has been discovered in Malahide Castle, Ireland, where the papers now being issued were found. Servants looking for a set of croquet for guests of Lady Talbot came upon it in a damp dungeon. Lady Talbot offered them to Colonel Isham who has announced they will be issued as part of the edition of Boswell now appearing.

In the Mire

AS I LAY DYING. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. FAULKNER'S new book is in essence much like his great achievement of last year, "The Sound and the Fury," but it is far from being a mere repetition. Each deals with a family—in "The Sound and the Fury" of down-at-heel gentry, in "As I Lay Dying" of shiftless poor whites—which has sunk hopelessly into the mire, and must look forward only to poverty and sullenness for ever. In each there is a strain of insanity which actually brightens the black despair of the whole, like lightning at night. But in the story and presentation the two books are alike only in that each is boldly and brilliantly original.

In "As I Lay Dying" Addie Bundren dies; her coffin is made outside her window while she is dying; and then her husband and children put the body on a wagon and set out to take her to Jefferson, thirty miles away, where she was born. With the rare obstinacy of weak natures, her husband keeps on in spite of floods and accidents; one son breaks his leg; vultures follow overhead; but they reach Jefferson after nine days. The story is presented through the minds of the woman, her family, and neighbors, and people along the road; some of them appear many times, some but once; each reveals his mind for a few pages, and then gives place to another.

There is a disadvantage in this experimental method for a writer of Mr. Faulkner's remarkable imaginative power, which is that many of his characters would in fact be quite unable to find words for their deepest and most complex feelings; for Mr. Faulkner knows, as few poets do, that thoughts which lie too deep for tears are not the peculiar possession of those who can express them. In this difficulty, he cuts the knot; at times his people think in bad grammar and in dialect, as they would actually speak; at other times they think in sentences most skilfully constructed from a rich vocabulary to give as nearly as possible an impression of their incommunicable thoughts. The compromise cannot be called entirely successful, but the facing of the problem is another evidence of Mr. Faulkner's self-reliant experimentalism.

In all other respects, the method entirely justifies itself. As the characters speak, they disclose all the violent forces that have made their stagnant lives; the dying woman recalls the love-affair that led to the birth of one of the children; the daughter is continually gnawed with anxiety over her concealed pregnancy; the others show the secret antipathies and alliances that have been formed in the family. One boy shows flashes of what may be genius, but by the end of the story he has gone mad.

Mr. Faulkner's power is especially in his presentation of mental abnormality. To his studies of it may be given the very high praise that they convince without demonstrating. That is, in the earlier classics of insanity, Maupassant's "Le Horla" and Mrs. Gilman's "The Yellow Wall Paper," the disease may be seen developing step by step, one might almost say logically; they stop one's heart by the terrible necessity with which each stage follows upon the other. But Mr. Faulkner's equally breath-taking madmen are like Lear or Ophelia, in this respect at least, that one believes in them at once; they convince the feelings, which are harder to reach than the reason.

These qualities were present in "The Sound and the Fury"; the present book shows that Mr. Faulkner can repeat his success. This book differs from the other in being even more grim and unrelieved. There is the same extraordinary fertility of character, and even of a sardonic humor; but among all the characters there is none that stirs pity like Quentin, the young suicide, or commands admiration like the old negress in the earlier book. Again, "The Sound and the Fury" was written upon two planes of time, connected in the timeless mind of the idiot son, showing at once the tragic crisis of twenty years ago and its effects today. Thus, although there is in "As I Lay Dying" the same contrast between the red coals of love and hate in the past and the gray cinders they have left behind, the contrast is less vivid; the total effect is in every way of a more monotonous bleakness. Some readers will prefer "The Sound of the Fury," finding its effect heightened by the interludes in the past, and its brief passages of humor and tenderness; others will prefer the crushing, almost deadening effect of "As I Lay Dying." But whichever one puts first, these two novels establish Mr. Faulkner as one of the most original and powerful of our newer novelists.

A Novel of the Victorians

THE LONGER DAY. By the Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THIS latest work of an English novelist who has managed to preserve her anonymity in a fashion that seems nothing short of miraculous, considering the period in which she lives and writes, seems to us the richest, fullest, and most intensely interesting of her books. The feminine pronoun is used with a feeling of complete security, for if the earlier novels had left even a trace of doubt that a woman had written them, "The Longer Day" would have settled the question. As a matter of fact, the mark of the womanly hand was plain in "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" and in all its successors, as plain as it is upon the works of Virginia Woolf, for example. One mentions this matter largely to give a suggestion of the peculiar quality of "The Longer Day"; it is hardly necessary to say that there is no hint of disparagement in what has been written.

"The Longer Day" is a long novel—some 380 pages of smallish print—and a novel—that because of the peculiarity of its theme and a roundaboutness of the narrative, which is filled with parentheses, might strike some impatient readers as tedious. This it is not; on the contrary, for all the quietness of tone and the leisureliness of the telling, it is filled with sudden climaxes, tensely dramatic moments. The author uses the first person with striking effect; it could hardly be better used, in fact. One listens to the recalling of events that go to make up the story, eager not to miss a phrase or a sentence, for there is nothing wasted in the book; not even the most impatient, if they once get into the tale, will wish it shorter by a word.

There have been many books of late about Victorian England, including some very good ones that have helped us to understand a period whose full implications for the world are only now being realized. "The Longer Day" is a subjective study of the period; the author does not borrow from history to make her background, although here and there the names of the great of the times appear in her story. She is more interested in the subtleties of spirit, and her understanding seems clear and penetrating. One would go far for a better picture of a literary man of the period than her Eustace Holt. There is a bitter humor in his portrait and in some of the others of the males—not all the females escape, either—that recalls the "Elizabeth" of "Vera," or the Rose Macaulay of some of the earlier novels, or the May Sinclair of "Mr. Waddington of Wyck." Not that there is any pat resemblance between "The Longer Day" and the work of any of the authors mentioned, but there is peculiar sort of feminine malice that gives a similarity of quality.

To mention the setting first is, however, to put the cart before the horse. For primarily "The Longer Day" is the story of a woman, Brenda, who had a feeling that life should be lived as if no one had ever lived it before. The conflict between this philosophy and the ordinary philosophy of Victorian England is easy enough to see, although one suspects that the Brendas of the world have never had an easy time of it, and never will. Brought up in an odd household where the children were allowed to shift for themselves and think their own thoughts, Brenda, along with the others, had woven dreams around a rising young critic, whose name was Eustace Holt. To them he was "Paterson" and the hero of every strange adventure their imaginations could invent. Brenda, in time marries "Paterson," who turns out to be altogether commonplace. They have children, who grow up as they please—Brenda's gaze is upon far horizons and the children do not touch her life, while Eustace is far too busy as the editor of a literary weekly to be very conscious of his offspring.

There are few novelists living who can make so real the thunderous overtones of life as the author of "The Longer Day." A climax in the life of Brenda is reached when she goes away to a strange place in Devon called Holes-hole and gives birth to an idiot whom she calls Brownie. Brenda and Brownie take the center of the stage; there is a curious understanding between the two, Brenda worn out with people who live by their minds and Brownie without any mind.

One is bound to do the book an injustice by thus paraphrasing the story. The handling of the presence of the idiot child is done with beautiful skill; whatever there is of the disagreeable about it is softened, and even when physical detail is necessary, one is not shocked or disgusted with it. The story itself matters less than the manner of its telling, less than the brilliance of characterization, less than the strange beauty that permeates the prose. One would hunt far for a novel that will remain in the memory longer than this. It is obviously filled with symbolism, and I have made no especial attempt to unravel its meaning, which each interested reader will do for himself.

The organization by a group of distinguished Americans of the Anglo-American Records Foundation, whose object will be to establish a $500,000 fund for research into and the publication of British official records dating from 1580 to 1600 and throwing light on the pre-history, birth, and infancy of the American Colonies, was announced recently.

A staff of the archivists already is at work in England under the direction of Dr. Richard Holworthy preparing material for the first three volumes, which the foundation expects to publish within the next year. The material for them is now being collected by Dr. Holworthy and his staff, as well as those which are to follow, will make accessible to historians and genealogists thousands of documents which heretofore have been virtually inaccessible owing to the lack of indexes and orderly arrangements.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BOWLING GREEN

John Mistletoe, XVII.

A COLD singing Northwest—the breath of Autumn's being—thrashes the copper shreds of Satisfaction Piece. On 'the blue surface of his airy surge' the dogwood tree tosses and looks lean. Shelley's cheeks would be flushed in such a scouring air. How did he keep his fingers warm to write the Ode? And I think also of another windy passage that has its urgent magic, Chaucer's

> Out of these blakë wawës for to saile,
> O wind, O wind, the weder ginneth clere.

A very different weather from those hot calm London noons of which I was writing. And it is queer: this very morning I learn of the death of Tommy Pope—"Mr. Pope of Twickenham" as he was affectionately nicknamed, known and loved in every bar on Fleet Street. Little Tommy Pope, endeared by his sudden murmured wisdoms and his shy pathos, needs no stone bust at St. Dunstan's. On Fleet Street the only real memorials are words in print. The great parson of that church, John Donne, would have known how to say tribute to that troubled, witty, lovable and kindly-meaning apparition. The real Fleet Street, which like all newspaper coteries is the most jealously selective coterie in the world, knew Tommy Pope and took him to its heart. If there were a memorial to him at St. Dunstan's it would not have to wait long for someone to unveil it. Like our own long-vanished Steve O'Grady, Pope was of the long line of God's chilluns. The first marching song of that noble army of the unprovided was Chaucer's Compleynt to His Purse. Tommy Pope died on the very eve of publication of a book his Fleet Street brothers had generously put together in his honor, *Journalists at Play*. He was one of the little group I mentioned that stood up in the Rainbow that hot day to drink the memory of Professor Turner; how little we thought to be so soon drinking his own. Many colleagues much younger than himself had a quaintly paternal tenderness toward this gentle spirit that had been seasoned, but never hardened, by difficulty. Brave little man, picking up crumbs of journalism, he was the sparrow that fell. I take leave to reprint Earle Welby's tribute to him in the *Week-End Review*; it shows the spirit of ink at its best:—

> It is a desolating thought that we may range through the taverns of Fleet Street now without hope of seeing in any a little, gray-haired man engaged in the unhopeful business of balancing six review copies under his left arm against a mysterious and presumably manuscriptful case depending from his right, while he needs a third arm for the acquisition of refreshment. Strange and desolating that never again shall we hear his swift-working wit crackle across our talk, an interruption that never destroyed any desirable continuity of conversation but deftly sidetracked bores without hurting their vanity.
>
> The gods, capricious in their distribution of gifts, had decreed that he should not mean to those who read his journalistic work one-hundredth of what he meant to those who heard him talk. But he attained easily to this, that there was no day of his life in which he did not say a dozen good things and do a dozen kind things. He had a profound religious faith, with an unrivalled knowledge of the character and location of the past, present, and future leaders of the Anglican Church: he had also, what one of his friends may perhaps be allowed to think more, that natural piety which enables its possessor to respect every genuine human impulse. No man can ever have been half an hour in his company without being beholden to him not only for laughter but for a little more confidence in human nature, for a comforting demonstration that man is an amiable animal in his declensions no less than in his aspirations. He brightened, sweetened, made more naughty, made more wholesome, every place in which he stood.

Lagonda was still waiting at the foot of Essex Street. I had been trying to seduce young M. K. into a green escapade from town; yet it was only Wednesday, early in the week for an ambitious publisher to leave his desk. But the heat came to my aid. Officially 90°, it was certainly much more than that in the little book-lined office at number 22. It was the weather, rather than any special curiosity about Shakespeare, that persuaded him. Lagonda, always ready for anything, was prepared.

I try to tell this plainly, not making too much of small things; nor yet (what is worse) belittling things that to me were great. The enormous web of that city spreads out in endless circuit; at the heart of it you are aware of the domed nubbin of St. Paul's like the round belly of the spider itself, fed on human toil, anxiety, and hope. A golden misery of heat, effort, noise and fume lay upon that wide stony network. We shot outward toward sunset. I don't remember much but speed. Was it then, weaving through the alarming swiftness of London traffic (Lagonda actually seems sinuous, to flex her lean low flanks and ripple herself through like a darting otter) we caught a glimpse of Punch and Judy playing in a side street? That was good to see, old make-believe still going on. The greatest Punch and Judyist of all was subtly behind this sunset project, who could make less-than-human puppets say more-than-human things. It was part of the picture too—it "made sense," as our current argot has it—that the last person we saw in Russell Square when we set spark for Arden chanced to be that deep-musicked poet who has entered so magically into the minds of Shakespeare's characters. Hear him (Walter de la Mare) on Falstaff:—

> 'Twas in a tavern that with old age stooped
> And leaned rheumatic rafters o'er his head—
> A blowzed, prodigious man, which talked, and stared,
> And rolled, as if with purpose, a small eye
> Like a sweet Cupid in a cask of wine.
> I could not view his fatness for his soul,
> Which peeped like harmless lightnings and was gone. . . .
> He puffed that paunch, and wagged that huge, Greek head,
> Nosed like a Punchinello—

(But *was* Falstaff hook-nosed? I see a long fleshy neb, well founded on bone and widely pudged about

THE "SINCIPUT" SHAKESPEARE
(Drawn from the Lagonda portrait)

the nostril, but straight; suggesting on that deathbed the sharpened pen to Mrs. Quickly.)

Yes, it all Made Sense. It made good Elizabethan sense that the poet, telling how his house was to be found, localized it by a pub. "Go to the Dumb-bell and turn up," he said. And his telephone number was Maidenhead soandso. "I should be far too bashful," said Mistletoe, "to ask the telephone girl for a number like that."

Like a swallow Lagonda skimmed into the sunset. She stopped, reluctantly, long enough for us to see Windsor Castle far off in the warm glow; and a new moon farther still. It was eight o'clock dusk when we reached the Red Lion at Henley. Riverside inns were well filled that thirsty evening, and we had to wait for a table. It was worth it, for in the twilight I saw four swans come through four arches of the bridge at the same instant, like four lines of a perfect quatrain. They did so with almost an air of conscious calculation. They are the right birds to typify the Muse, so beautiful and bad-tempered. Speaking of quatrains, was it the Red Lion where Shenstone devised his *Written at an Inn at Henley*, which the Doctor repeated to Boswell "with great emotion"? The bar lady serving us our aperitif explained that the ice machine had crocked under the strain of so hot a day, and also with great emotion we paraphrased Shenstone—

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest cocktail, at an inn.

Now Oxford lay at the end of our thoughts. It was not Elizabethan, but we telephoned thither to be sure of beds. The cheerful voice of the prima donna of Cornmarket Street replied reassuringly. I wondered if Shakespeare took occasion to notify his Oxford hostess, Mrs. Davenant of the Crown, in advance.

It was strange to come there so swiftly through warm darkness. I remembered the smell of that road but not the details. Lagonda's lights shone on villages I could not identify; while I thought we were hardly past Dorchester we were already on Iffley Road, where (as I explained to Lagonda) Kathleen used to play hockey. Lagonda has a little movable searchlight; like a lorgnette she can gaze with it wherever she chooses. She flung a beam upon number 19 where long ago some young men, quite unintentionally, first stumbled upon Modern American Literature. It looks quite unchanged; I mean number 19 does.

I do not mention the name of the noblest Oxford inn, of which a connoisseur has said "every line and curve of the old building is a 17th century lyric." It is not known to the general run of tourists and should not be; it is so demurely hidden that many men have lived their whole college career and never entered that courtyard. Only a few yards away is Woolworth, yet you turn in at that gateway and find a Jacobite innyard hung with flowers and vines. Floors and ceilings have sagged under centuries of service; you go along the slanting passages upstairs with shoulder against the wall, as in the alleys of a rolling ship; the warming pans hung there seem like pendulums to measure the angle of list. By Lagonda's keen instinct we arrived just before the bar closed, and sat out in the warm dark yard with a cool gin-and-ginger. In that courtyard you are as carnally close to Shakespeare as you are likely to get. The Crown, Davenant's grog-shop where Shakespeare used to tarry going to and from Stratford, was next door. The Davenant house, rebuilt, still exists (it pleases me that it was the property of New College; that seems to have been his first academic association) and if Mrs. Davenant was as hospitable as legend loves to believe, Will may have spent his Oxford nights there. But it was a pub, not an inn, and there is better likelihood that he actually slept in the hotel I refrain from naming. The worthy house has taken the tradition in its stride and never tried to capitalize it.

But the romantics from Aubrey down have had a good time erecting jubilant romanza out of the Davenant affair. It is not surprising, for the color of the tale is irresistible. Shakespeare passing through Oxford, interested not in colleges but in the amiable handsome landlady; the husband, afterwards Mayor, who was "seldom or never seen to laugh"; the godson who himself grew up to be a witty poet and did not discourage the rumor of his left-handed parentage. There are good stories about the younger Davenant, but the best of them is his apology (during illness) for not having finished *Gondibert*: "I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying." A man who could die with such Caroline insouciance might also have been begotten informally. Anyhow, even though the dates didn't fit, it was agreeable for Oxonians to imagine that Mrs. Davenant might have been the Dark Lady. It was a hard blow to this genial fable when her bedroom in the old Crown was repaired a few years ago and wall-paintings came to light which showed the chamber decorated with pious mottoes, of which *Feare God above all thynge* was the most legible.

Those who tinted the bust of Shakespeare would not hesitate to tint his biography; and perhaps the more legends the better. Sometimes the legend is truer than the truth. Pursued by posterity as never man has been hunted, he evades them still, and they fall to scuffling among themselves. I like to take the famous stanzas about the hunted hare (in *Venus and Adonis*) as representing Shakespeare and his sapient trouble-tombs:—

> For there his smell with others being mingled
> The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
> Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
> With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
> Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
> As if another chase were in the skies.

Meanwhile the poet himself, "far off upon a hill, stands on his hinder legs with listening ear." What is pleasanter than the anguish of magistrates because in the Latin hexameter of the Stratford monument there is a false quantity. Above this bogus Latin and beneath the bogus escutcheon he sits with cheerful but rigid stolidity in his niche, looking rather like an old Kentucky colonel in a club window. The hands, holding quill and paper, rest on a tasseled pillow—those hands that had earned a pillow to rest on. That bust has been the subject of heavy fighting among the clans, but I enjoy believing it adequately suggests what he finally did look like. He did not necessarily think the way it looks, for who ever had more wary protective coloration?

(*Continued on page* 365)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The End of an Epoch

STUART CHASE

From a painting by Eliana Krylenko.

I WAS dining recently with one of the most intelligent journalists in America. He regarded his soup with profound gloom. "We have come," he said, "to the end of an epoch. This depression is not the usual downward swing of the business cycle, it is the cracking up of the whole American formula of prosperity, mass production, high wages, high pressure selling, instalments, service, bigger and betterism. The bally thing won't work; it's gone into a nose dive; it's crashed, and God knows if we can ever get into the air again. We can't with that ship; it's a hopeless wreck. And there is no other in sight . . . anywhere. Mark my words, when the history of this century is written, October 29, 1929, the day that thirty billions went whistling out of Wall Street, will mark the end of an epoch."

I rallied to the defense of my country—in general, if not in particular—but his words have haunted me ever since. Is the current period just one of the ups and downs of that revolving cycle which James Watt let loose with the steam from his first engine, or is it a major date in history, perhaps as significant as 1914? Has the American formula of onward and upward really been sunk beneath us, leaving one hundred and twenty millions of people adrift in open boats on a cold, salt sea?

The mind of even such a hardened critic as myself, shrinks from such a picture. It does not make sense. It cannot be true. Then one remembers that the month of August, 1914, did not make sense, and could not be true. Those of us who felt our reason slipping as we caught the full implications of those fantastic days, are ready for anything. Nothing in affairs human or divine can longer surprise us. If incredible wars can begin, epochs can incredibly end. Perhaps my friend is right. But I shall not admit it without a struggle. (For one thing he lost money on the market and I had none to lose, a personal equation which cannot fail to color one's philosophy.) This little essay may be regarded as a spirited attempt to still the haunting echo of his words, while, with the fatal perverseness of my temperament, admitting all the relevant facts pro and con which I can call to mind. In brief, let us take an inventory of American industrial civilization today, and see if there is any warrant for brilliant journalists staring into bowls of soup and prophesying interminable woe.

We will remember that the eight years from 1922 to 1929, constituted the fifth great period of American prosperity. Towards the close it struck a gait of such magnificent acceleration, statistically if not humanly considered, that nearly everybody, save a few congenital socialists, was convinced that the millennium was just around the corner; that the problem of poverty was all but solved; that the Republic, as the white-headed boy of the Western World, was laying the foundations for a civilization which would eclipse all that had gone before. One talked of "new levels of value," of wages going forever up and prices going forever down. Depending on the point of view, one saw a radio in every room and a bath tub in every closet, or an art museum in every township and a Little Theatre on every village green. Nor did we propose to keep our secret jealously at home; we would show Europe how to use it; we would show benighted Asia; we would show the last corner of the world. Nor did we doubt that Russia, when the fiery juices of revolution had cooled, would embrace it eagerly. Men talked of rocket ships to Mars, and beyond peradventure the first document to be presented to the Committee of Welcome—had the ship been discharged through Einsteinian space—would have been the American formula of mass production and mass consumption.

The naked facts, of course, were not quite so grandiloquent as the banquet orations. Some pointed up, some pointed down, some held their levels during those eight exciting years. We could take pardonable pride in our beautiful technique of industrial management, our mounting wage levels, our declining hours of labor, our increasing life span, our great engineering projects, our liquidation of grinding poverty along a reasonably wide front. But with an average annual wage of well below $1,500 in 1929, with the majority of all farmers operating at a net loss, with the slums of Megalopolis reeking as heretofore, with a million little children in the mines and mills, with technological unemployment gaining slowly but probably steadily throughout the period, with industrial accidents on the increase, and 30,000 citizens slaughtered on the highways every year—we would hardly be justified in claiming that we had entered even the ante-room of Utopia. Statistically our progress was sublime. Humanly, it left not only much to be desired, but in such departments as agriculture, unemployment, and mass recreation, it seemed to be actually losing ground. Today, in the bleak light of the morning after, with business a good twenty per cent below normal, all the commercial indices developing dropsy, and a stock market steadily burrowing its way to the center of the earth, we had, if I may say so, a swell nerve in our missionary zeal to transport this particular brand of prosperity to the four corners of the earth! It puts me in mind of the ultra-violet window glass companies which rushed on the market with full page spreads before they knew that photo-chemical deterioration rendered their commodity practically opaque to ultra-violet rays after a few months of use. Prosperity, like window glass, needed an appreciably greater period in the home laboratory.

A year ago on a bright fall day it suddenly ceased to function. The rays would not come through. The formula went sour.

One equation in the formula was certainly the stock exchange. No profaning hands, it was said, must interfere with a free speculative market in Wall Street. The merest hint of regulation was met with the embattled resistance of practically the entire nation from Mr. Hoover down. That equation now stands hopelessly discredited. Few refuse to admit that a restraining hand on the wild bull market of 1929 would have been an excellent thing. But, and here is the point, nobody knows with certainty whether if the hand had been laid, a serious business depression would have followed—perhaps a little later, but still inevitably. In other words, is the whole formula suspect, or only that segment thereof which deals with runaway stock exchanges? If the market was solely responsible for the collapse, we have little to disturb us in any broad sense. We simply bide our time until consumption overtakes production, business activity swings upward, normalcy returns, and then, by suitable regulation, prevent another speculative boom in stocks. With this leak plugged, mass production and consumption take their appointed upward curve again, and climb to the stars unhindered.

Others hold, and I think with far more reason, that along about the summer of 1929, a saturation point was reached in the capacity of the American public to engulf motor cars. The industry, upon which 4,000,000 jobs depend, was geared to expanding production, while the consumer developed a sudden stomach ache. This cracked the prosperity formula from rim to rim. Nobody paid much attention to it at the time, it seemed only a little crack, but really it was of the utmost seriousness. The motor car was the backbone of the whole period. On the one hand people wanted it as they had never wanted any other commodity. In "Middletown" we read case after case of families which scrimped on food, denied themselves decent living quarters, to buy gasoline. On the other hand consider the immense stimulation to collateral industries which the motor car provided—to steel, glass, rubber, petroleum, copper, leather, textiles, road building, cement, asphalt, railroads, to say nothing of the manufacturers of gaudy uniforms and traffic lights.

As I write, the *New York Times* index of motor car production stands at 50, just one-half of normal. A year ago it measured 120, a fifth above the normal curve. The index has rushed down a very steep place in the last twelve months, and there are those who doubt, myself included, if Humpty Dumpty can ever be set on his wall again. A market for *new* customers, has given way to a market for *replacement* customers, and failing some drastic engineering revision and betterment of the automobile, it is improbable that the good old days of 5,000,000 cars a year will come again. . . .

It is for this reason that economists and industrialists have been looking under every bushel for a commodity to take the place of the motor car, capture the public interest, stimulate allied industries to the tune of billions a year, create new purchasing power, and so start a general offensive again along the whole prosperity front. Fool-proof airplanes, vast new housing projects, even Tom Thumb golf courses, have been hailed as redeemers. But as a matter of cold fact, there is no practical substitute yet in sight. The main spring of the last eight years is broken, and a new set of works has, to date, not been designed.

What have we left; what have we still to go on? We have a great deal to go on. A schedule of our major assets today may leave something to be desired in respect to ready liquidability, but from the long range point of view, it is sufficiently impressive.

1. We possess in the United States an unimpaired physical plant of vast productive potentiality, including factories, power lines, transportation facilities, retail outlets. Indeed the only difficulty with this majestic asset is that we possess perhaps too much of it. In certain departments—shoe factories and oil wells for instance—we have capital investment in excess of any conceivable demand for years to come.

2. Our natural resources, the greatest of any nation save Russia, despite hideous inroads in the last generation, are still manfully holding out, and will hold, even under the present wasteful methods of exploitation, for at least a decade. Most of them for far longer than that.

3. We have a population which is steadily gaining in health and longevity. Modern mothers are taller, heavier, better muscled, and larger footed, than those of any preceding generation. Never has any great nation known such buxom children, or such a therapy to guard them. It is a population restless, confused, slightly demented with false values, but abounding with vitality, and of an incurable optimism. It knows not where it is going, but it is certainly on the way. We rest, even as does Russia, on a sound biological foundation.

4. As one aspect of our vitality we have a new science of industrial management which is pledged to the doctrine of low prices, high wages, short hours, and which is beginning to cope magnificently with such machine age problems as the human robot, the threat to skill, monotony and fatigue. Its output per man hour grows by leaps and bounds; its methods for the transformation and transportation of matter increase daily in volume and incredibility.

5. There is reason to believe that the period of cynicism and moral frustration caused by the war is drawing to its close. Youth is beginning to believe in something again. The flapper in her more hard-boiled aspects passes. After a decade of roaring materialism, we may be on the threshhold of more consideration for art, esthetics, literature, things of the spirit.

6. Finally, from the world point of view, Russia is conducting one of the most stimulating experiments which the planet has ever witnessed, on a stage 6,000 miles long. Whenever I become depressed as to the West, I have only to lift my imagination to the Moscow I saw not so many months ago, and to real-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Stuart Chase

ize that *homo sapiens* is a creature of eternal youth and eternal daring. While Russian ways are not our ways, I know that out of this gigantic laboratory will come many methods, many techniques, particularly in the field of industrial coördination, by which we cannot fail to profit.

So. Five positive assets we possess (and more could readily be named), and a sixth by virtue of the common humanity we share with Slavs. The liabilities, however, are not to be gainsaid. We have already touched on some of them. Let us briefly list the major accounts.

1. A back-firing credit system, which stalls and jams the more as engineering and the technical arts advance. Instalment selling pumped six billions of new life into it during the period just passed, but that pulmotor has now exhausted itself.

2. Unemployment, particularly technological.

3. Overproduction in the capital investment of many major industries.

4. A top-heavy industrial structure with luxuries tending to crowd out essentials, and the farmer flat on his economic back.

5. An inadequate distribution of income as between investor and worker, accelerating overproduction, and seriously restricting purchasing power.

6. A fantastic system of distribution with the high pressure fraternity cancelling out one another's spirited efforts with incredible efficiency. The cost of this very expensive *reductio ad absurdum* is saddled upon everything we buy. The effect on our mental processes has been well termed "the new illiteracy."

7. A growing technique of almost equally expensive racketeering for which the Eighteenth Amendment seems to be the schoolmaster, if not the cause.

8. An alarming absence of any genuine industrial or political leadership. Can you name ten men or women competent to cope with the problems of 1930? I cannot. There may be hundreds in embryo, but how shall we find them?

THESE liabilities give us genuine pause, but with all due allowance, why must they connote the end of an epoch? As we look around the world today we see no sign of those Acts of God which have disrupted other epochs—no famine, barbarian invasion, Black Death, degeneration of racial vitality. On the contrary. What we do see, when all is said and done, is a stupendous jam in the method of getting the goods which we can readily fabricate, to people eager to consume them. The physical structure was never more sound. The basic difficulty seems to be a paper one—greenbacks, stock certificates, notes, foreign drafts, ledger folios. The engineer is a century ahead of the banker. We have an eighty horse-power engine in a flimsy row boat. In Russia, money follows the physical structure, hat in hand. Elsewhere the basic plant grunts and stops unless an adequate supply of wood pulp and rags are displayed in the premises.

The immediate question, then, is whether pulp and rags can end an epoch of healthy people and marvelous mechanisms? It seems utterly ridiculous to admit it, but I am afraid that they can. For the jam in the credit system is not only a matter of paper documents, but also, unfortunately, a matter of psychology. Money has stamped us with habit patterns almost as difficult to throw off as patterns ground in by physical environment. Our behavior is rigidly delimited by considerations of individual bank balances, rent payments, mortgages, profit and loss accounts, cash in hand. If these things suddenly sour on our hands, we know not where to turn. Whatever the strength of our bodies, and the strength of the physical plant which we have built, there is no code of behavior which permits us to bridge the gap from paper insolvency to the abounding physical solvency of the real world about us. For better or for worse we are locked into the super-specialization of our age. If the papers fall wrongly, we cannot get back to the field and the bench and take the living which God provides. We may look at the Promised Land, but into it we cannot go. A ghastly paradox, if you please, but there it is.

An epoch ends when this gap grows so wide that the normal process of muddling through can no longer be depended upon to close it. It may be that we are faced in the West with years of strikes, riots, insurrections, dictatorships, and a wholesale retreat from specialization to local self-sufficiency. Such would constitute complete admission that we had been routed by the machine. And one would be a fool not to recognize such a possibility.

Perhaps the gulf is not so great but that it will automatically close, if not in the Western World, at least in the United States. Our credit system has jammed before—in 1893 and 1907 for instance—and we have wriggled out of it. We are a lucky nation. We may, by the grace of God, wriggle out again. But not indefinitely. Not with the technical arts growing at the breakneck pace they have now attained. (Last month I looked at a machine filling a whole building which replaced 2,000 robots with 200 skilled men for an identical output). Sooner or later we shall come to the end of our luck, and if the gap has not been closed by deliberate foresight, the epoch ends then, if not now.

My guess is that the gods are to vouchsafe us a little more leeway. With our usual masterly inactivity in such matters, we will still secure a modest business revival in the next twelve months. But only to postpone the final reckoning. We cannot indefinitely continue with a twentieth century motor in an eighteenth century hulk. If the problem is to be met, the credit structure must be brought on a par with the technical arts. Great sections of laissez-faire must be scrapped. Economic habit patterns must be drastically revised.

How? I do not know. Nobody knows. It is the outstanding challenge of our age. It calls for the sort of thinking, only more so, which now goes into the design of a thousand foot skyscraper, an automatic steel mill, or an electrically controlled metropolitan switch yard. We can think, great Heaven, how magnificently we can think in such matters! It calls for the best brains we possess; brains which have hitherto in America not functioned on problems of this nature since the time of Jefferson. (Would we had that engineer-statesman today.)

With all due modesty I am prepared to advance one or two tentative suggestions for the prophylaxis of shattered epochs.

First. Let us follow up Mr. Bush's suggestion for the calling of an immediate international conference on *Economic* Disarmament. This is today a far more pressing matter than scrapping battleships.

Second. Give the Stable Money Association every encouragement to prepare a bold program for the revision of the credit structure. Then call a special session of Congress to enact the program into law. The publicity should be essentially that of the war *footing* drives of 1917.

Third. Set up a Supreme Economic Council along the lines of the old War Industries Board, with dollar-a-year men complete. (There are many good executives, crucified by mergers, to whom a dollar a year, and board, would look very appetizing today.) This Council should be compounded of government, trade association, organized labor, organized farmers, and representatives of the consumer—if any can be found. Its job would be to prepare a Ten Year Plan for the coördinated economic development of the United States of America. Its particular interest would lie in the allocation of new investment to the end that supply would not too outrageously exceed demand.

Fourth. Amend the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and permit the regularization of production and the allocation of markets, but only when consistent with a proper regard for the conservation of natural resources, and with due protection, through public regulation, of the consumer against monopoly prices.

Fifth. Actively follow up the plan proposed by the *New Republic* and others to substitute a vast slum razing and home building program for the declining motor car industry—thus giving prosperity a new backbone, and, if I may say so, a far stronger one.

Sixth. Abolish stock exchange gambling. Secure the advice of Professor William Z. Ripley as to how to do it. Margineering is good fun, but so is throwing rocks through plate glass windows. Both are too costly for modern society to tolerate.

Seventh. A determined resistence by all and sundry against wage reductions, and an active movement progressively to shorten working hours. Until this program takes up the slack of technological joblessness, unemployment insurance on a nation-wide scale is the only decent and civilized way to meet the immediate crisis. Charity is an insult; making needless work is wasteful and demoralizing.

All the above need further study, but they indicate the drastic nature of the measures which must be inaugurated, if brooding journalists are to be permanently answered, and epochs are not to end.

Stuart Chase, author of the foregoing article, economist and writer, is author of "The Tragedy of Waste"; in collaboration with F. J. Schlink, "Your Money's Worth"; "Men and Machines," and "Prosperity: Fact or Myth." He is a frequent contributor to magazines and periodicals.

John Mistletoe

(*Continued from page* 363)

But one who arrives at an inn at night doesn't spend time brooding about Shakespeare. Happy is that godlike secrecy of reaching anywhere in the dark; and coming to Oxford makes one feel as a young poem does when it first gets printed in an anthology. I liked a saying in a fine little book of proud stomach, *The Poet's Progress* by Walter D'Arcy Cresswell, a New Zealand poet. "I left Oxford that morning," he says, "but first I paid a visit to Shelley's tomb (for so it appears), and this is the holiest place on earth." Earth is full of holy places, but I know what he meant. Those who have seen the naked marble locked in its blue crypt, the drowned body of dead music flung ashore, know how Oxford can do penance. The heaviest heart is moved by that white cenotaph, which seems the prophetic soul of the wide world, dreaming on things to come. Shelley is not dead; he is so alive that the other day when November came blowing from crystal space one man telephoned to another to reread the West Wind. The printed pages, torn from a book for closer study, were on his mantelpiece the next day in the tower of Sherry-Netherland, where that pinnacle hums like harp-guts in the gale. "I read it eleven times," he said. Shelley was not dead that afternoon, when we crossed the river in the ferry *Hopatcong* and saw the Downtown Dolomites glazed with tinsel sheen.

We sat quietly in the innyard, drinking gin-and-ginger and listening to a cool trickle of water dripping somewhere in the dark. We went out and strolled as far as Carfax. Once I caught just the beginning of Big Tom's booming bell-metal, but it was drowned by the motor traffic in the High. Oxford, as we noted some years ago, may eventually be the British Detroit. The motor works are growing bravely in that suburb which used to be famous only for a monastery; already the wits speak of the varsity as the Latin Quarter of Cowley. Our talk that evening was not sentimental. Mistletoe was seized with a sudden idea of what fun it would be to build a typically modern New York hotel in Oxford; austerely futurist in design, with really cold cocktails in summer and really warm bedrooms in winter; with ice water and radio and all the American ingenuities. How the Oxford boys (great dabblers in Modernity) would love it and what tremendous business we would do in Eights Week. Then the American tourists could go to the antique inns and the English trade would come to us. What should we call it? The Cecil Rhodes? The Parson's Pleasure? The As You Like It? We rather fancied ourselves as hotel managers; it would be a notably profitable exploit, and it is bound to happen sooner or later. We thought of asking Mr. Selfridge to join us in such an enterprise. It might teach Oxford architecture a lesson, too, which it needs. My heart sank when I saw one of its recent errors, the School of Pathology (1926), a factory of lewd red brick and trimmings. Any Long Island village has done itself better in its modern High School.

Anyhow there was no difficulty that night about warm bedrooms. Those little single rooms up under the roof had been generously baked by the all-day blaze. We went to sleep not with Shakespeare but with Dr. Austin Freeman.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of Special Interest

The Child in the Limelight

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDHOOD. By E. J. SWIFT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930. $3.

THE HEALTHY-MINDED CHILD. Edited by NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD and KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $1.75.

THE CHILD FROM ONE TO SIX. By ADA HART ARLITT. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1930. $2.

JUST NORMAL CHILDREN. By FLORENCE MATEER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

OF the making of books on children there is no end. Stocks may crash and dividends fail and unemployment increase alarmingly, but the job of being a parent goes rolling on relentlessly. Our child-consciousness has become voluble. Unlike the corrective medicines, it isn't the children who cry for it but the parents.

At child study meetings, parent-teachers associations, huge conventions in gilded hotel rooms, glittering with badges and sections, the cry becomes articulate in papers, papers, papers. It is the age of the papyrus child. Parents listen in a sort of fuzzy ecstasy or somnolent assent — according to temperament and the time of day. Then they read it all in books and reports and in a spirit of research attempt to discover points of resemblance between the child made in the image of child study and their own earthly progeny.

It is hardly fair to dwell unduly upon this side of the picture; just a comment of a caution by way of prologue. For the most part books on child study meet their purpose. Yet there is a considerable waste of papyrus, not that that makes much difference when every Sunday's supplements create a cemetery of murdered pines. It isn't news not fit to print, but just news not worth printing that devastates. The same tendency to rush into print with less urge and responsibility and authority than the occasion requires, affects even the best of child-study literature.

Reviewing the present contributions neither with the odium of comparison nor with invidious discrimination, Professor Swift's contribution may be pronounced profitable and adequate. In systematic digest he gives the conclusions of a long and rich experience with the problems of childhood in the actual settings. He has the advantage of dealing definitely with the "Psychology of Childhood"; and his advice, liberal and tolerant, arises from the analysis. He considers the problem broadly: the child's own activities, with play leading, once infancy stages are passed; the parental guidance; the safeguarding of the adult in the making. The tremendous shift in the problem of youth is recognized: youth is far too much in the limelight as well as in the saddle and on the tapis, and is quite too satisfyingly aware of it. The avoidance of abnormalities is central. Freudian concepts are used wisely, not cultwise. Behaviorism receives the small pellet of consideration that it merits. Conflicts are as characteristically juvenile phenomena as are crimes. Parents must be made aware of the hazards of the more than eighteen holes in the course of growing up.

Dr. Swift's book is catholic and critical. He points out that educational psychology weakens its psychology as it concentrates on measurements; that the significance of intelligence tests is vastly overestimated; that psycho-analysis as applied to children must be nine parts insight and one part technique. Dr. Swift has the unfortunate habit of referring to "the present writer," a waste of papyrus and a mental irritation. He has the good habit of adding useful bibliographies.

The symposium is another modern attack on the integrity of the forests, proceeding on the beneficently constructive assumption that if each author plants a tree, somehow the result will be a presentable grove. As a rule, the one-man product is the better one.

But these progressive papyrus parties, with a new chef for each course, are still in vogue, and serve their purpose when each is an expert in his line and sticks to it, which in the Crawford-Menninger menu is not notably the case.

The keynote of the volume is the emphasis on mental health. Common sense will not in these complicated days make us healthy or wealthy or wise as children or adults, if it ever did. Copy-book maxims have ruined many a life, unless they have saved lives, as have pins, by not swallowing them. The teachers' catalogue of serious faults in children, as an actual survey proves, doesn't tally with those of the psychiatrist; and the psychiatrist is right; he has the better perspective. It is undoubtedly because the vast majority of fathers and mothers are such poor parents that the output of child-study books must go on. The child-study salvation army has hardly made a dent on the mass consciousness.

And yet it is a bit disconcerting to the presumably intelligent reader of this symposium to be asked to take warning by a mother who took her children out to the lobby of a motion-picture house and spanked them for showing undue excitement, then led them back again with injunctions to be quiet. Since Mr. Crawford, as editor of *The Household Magazine*, has abundant evidence of the abuses which he cites, wouldn't it be better to write a volume or an encyclopedia on "The Fool Parent," and let those who want awful examples find them there, thus complimenting the standard reader of child-study books by the assumption of supermoronic intelligence? Journalese stories about Amy and Florence and Tommy and Walter are lowering the tone of child-study literature; the tendency should be curbed as well as the allied one of making wisdom out of the obvious, or the whole topic will presently be Dorothy-Dixed.

The composite report is palatable but not notable. As a contributor, Mr. Bertrand Russell can't help being stimulating even when discussing matters of which he has no embarrassing knowledge; and Mrs. Gilbreth is more impressive as the efficient mother of eleven children than as a literary *chef*. All of which is significant because it is representative of the impression that somehow these experts do not succeed in getting across the message they have the competence to deliver.

"The Child from One to Six," with its subtitle, "Psychology for Parents," may be considered by implication. Parents who need this kind of advice should certainly have it, and if they are helped by full-page pictures of kiddy-cars, with the startling inscription, "Children are as absorbed in their play as we are in our work," they are entitled to such aid or stimulation.

It certainly is an unfair deal on the part of nature to endow so many men and women with brains enough to earn a living, vote, perform their duties acceptably as citizens, keep out of jail, and waste their time undisastrously, and then impose upon that same endowment a task so utterly beyond them in scope and breath and technique as that of bringing up children. It just can't be done; and if they can get a filtering of dusky light on avoiding the worst ways of doing the job, the rest of us, perhaps, should be content. A college attempts the task of making students intelligent even if incompetent; that accounts for its failure, which is nothing compared to the catastrophe of being a parent with no competence for the job. So let the child-study movement go on, though the trees fall. But do such parents read?

Miss Mateer's experiment in informing parents is of an entirely different order. It adds to the composite picture but deserves distinctive consideration. It is sound and practical to the core, though it exalts the child specialist, and may jolt many a parent into a sense of his or her incompetency. It combines the question-and-answer with the case method. It is a form of mental vaccination that will prove effective if it takes. But here are the actual problems of actual children wisely put, with no Freudian frills and an expert command of their meaning. Here is an admirable handbook of why children fail, and what part parents have in their failure. The perspective is excellent with all the important points in focus. Health, sleep, food, lack of energy, lack of brains, slow pace, speech troubles, instability, dulness, too much emotion and too little, fears, lies, stealing, truancy, lack of play-urge, child tyranny, mischief-making, and the mental hygiene of the household.

Whatever causes parents may have for failing in the duties to their children, lack of guidance is not one of them. Some of the trees that have made the supreme sacrifice to make the world safe for children, have not been felled in vain. So in due measure we may hail the advent of the papyrus child.

John o'London's Weekly "hears."—What we ourselves had not yet heard—that a "Womanless Library" is to be established in Iowa under the will of a misogynous lawyer. Only books by men will be allowed, and magazines must be censored to eliminate all articles and stories written by women.

LYRIC FORMS FROM FRANCE

by Helen Louise Cohen

WITH AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH VERSE WRITTEN IN FRENCH FORMS

Since its publication in 1923 this volume has become a standard work in two respects. A new edition is now made available in response to the demand.

FOR THOSE WHO WRITE POETRY it is a handbook of the lyric forms—an intimate, detailed study of ballades, chants royal, rondels, rondeaux, triolets, villanelles, sestinas. It traces their history and use and supplies rules of thumb for their construction. The *Saturday Review* wrote: "It is the only book we know of that gives a comprehensive view of refrain-poetry. We pity anyone who writes and has not tried his hand at these forms. For the deft handling of the delightful measures a special kind of skill is needed, and trying for it is fascinating."

FOR THOSE WHO READ POETRY, the anthology is the only collection of English verse written in these lyric forms since Gleason White's BALLADES AND RONDEAUS, which appeared in 1887. More than half of Miss Cohen's selections have been written since then and represent such poets as Robert Bridges, Rose Macaulay, Joyce Kilmer, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Brander Matthews, James Branch Cabell, Richard Aldington and Edwin Arlington Robinson. There are also several of the best translations of famous French poems by Francois Villon and Charles d'Orléans.

Text by Miss Cohen 94 *pages. . . . Anthology of verse* 463 *pages. . . . In a new format* $3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 Madison Avenue New York

The Lookout

WHY do we laugh when the wind whips off the bishop's hat? Are we full of mischief or merely ill mannered? Are we happy when dignity is upset and law and order defied? Professors say it's a symptom of something that bears inquiry. Freud, Bergson and Max Eastman have thought it over; now comes Samuel S. Seward, Jr., to consider the deep springs of laughter, which, "in all the varieties of its expression from the guffaw to the silent twinkle is the peculiar sign of the pleasure the ludicrous gives. He calls his book, "The Paradox of the Ludicrous," and Stanford University Press (Stanford University, Cal.) makes it desirable reading at $2.75.

AN English visitor to New York bookstalls remarked the other day that Americans seem to enjoy feasting on heroes—witness the innumerable "lives" of Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, and the like. But Donald A. Stauffer, writing in "English Biography before 1700," makes us aware that biography and autobiography have been major forms of literary expression throughout English writing. Indeed, not merely saints and churchmen, but nobles and warriors had their biographies centuries ago, running all the way from the records of good works set down by the Venerable Bede to the impersonal biography of Sir Thomas Bodley and the brief lives of John Aubrey. Long before Boswell biographers realized the value of the chance remark and the characteristic utterance in revealing character. We can estimate modern writing better after observing, in this book, how biography was more often an art than a science in days when it was still "preoccupied with the dignity of human life." (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., $4.)

HORACE WALPOLE, who could never pass an old chest of papers without prying it open, found some of the letters of the Finch family, in Warwickshire, in the attic. Prof. Marjorie Hope Nicolson of Smith college, following the trail of Henry More and the Cambridge Platonists, discovered others even more important; the result is "The Conway Letters," the correspondence of Anne, Viscountess Conway, with Henry More and other friends from 1642 to 1684. Anne was studying familism and Quakerism; her intellectual interests were wide and Leibnitz acknowledged his indebtedness to her. Dr. Harvey came into the circle; Sir Kenelm Digby, Francis von Mercury Helmont and other authorities joined in the discussion. Now and then we read of a political maneuver or a catastrophe, such as the Great Fire of London. But the gold lies in the intellectual content of these letters, the records of fine minds never wholly dominated by the fashions of the Protectorate or the Restoration. Prof. Nicolson has edited them with justifiable enthusiasm. (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., $6.)

"RELAX!"—the most helpful, restful order in the world. John D. Rockefeller—well on the way to his 100th birthday, learned in middle life to apply the principle of rest to relieve tension. It seems incomprehensible, as Dr. Edmund Jacobson of the University of Chicago writes, that there is no scientific study of rest and relaxation. Physicians prescribe it every day, without well-defined knowledge of its healing elements. This omission Dr. Jacobson has filled by writing "Progressive Relaxation," a study of nervous hypertension, with its relation to functional disorders, fatigue and irritability, and the place of rest in conserving energy and repairing shattered nervous systems. The book is addressed to the general practitioner, the surgeon, the interne, and the neurologist, but will prove no less illuminating to the layman who appreciates clinical studies presented in plain English. (The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill., $5.)

IN the decade between 1860 and 1870, Jowett, the master of Balliol College, Oxford, made a point of seeing every Balliol undergraduate every week. Among his flock was Gerard Manley Hopkins, a poet whose writings, too difficult for Victorian days, reached publication through the efforts of the late Robert Bridges. Now comes a memoir, a commentary on both the life and the writings of Father Hopkins, called "Gerard Manley Hopkins" by G. F. Lahey, S. J., who opens a new window on the days of the Oxford movement. Hopkins, a friend of Pusey and Coventry Patmore, first turned to John Henry Newman for spiritual leadership and latterly embraced the discipline of the Society of Jesus. The story of his spiritual ripening throws light on his poetry and his personality. (Oxford University Press, New York, $3.)

"MY life is somewhat devoid of romance," wrote Charles Edward Pancoast, a fine old Quaker gentleman, as he transcribed his youthful adventures. But those, so it happened, were lived in that tumultuous period when the covered wagons moved west across the great American prairie, when Indians chased the buffalo, and every sunset was a promise of gold in California. This story, known for years to the members of the family as "Uncle Charley's book," proves a most circumstantial, vivid tale of frontier days in the forties. "A Quaker Forty-Niner," edited by Anna Paschall Hannum with a foreword by John Back McMaster is published by the University of Pennsylvania Press (Philadelphia, Pa.) at $3.50. Filled with countless characters, it portrays the movement of life in Missouri, New Mexico and California. Not the least interesting are Pancoast's adventures as keeper of a frontier store, with all the vicissitudes of primitive trading that it entailed.

L. O.

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

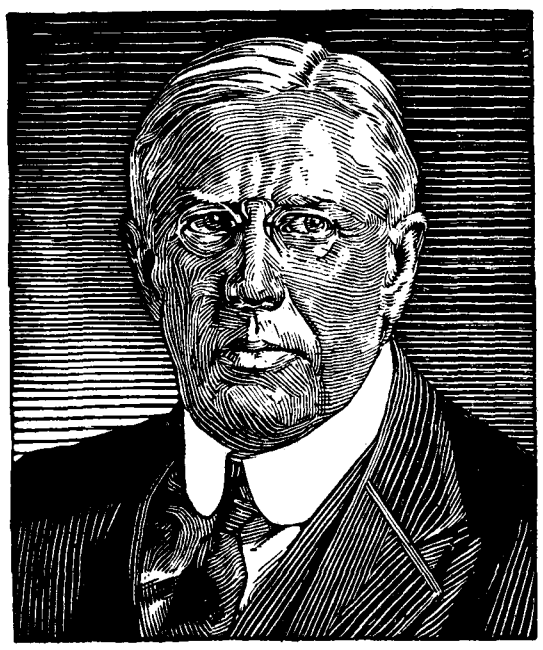
"It is a complete delight to those who remember the days that the author chronicles and to their children it is a gleeful picture of the truth about what mother and father should have remembered."—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Pre-War America

"History has never before been treated so handsomely."—*Walter Yust in the Philadelphia Ledger.*

"A unique and almost priceless contribution to the story of the recent past." —*Boston Transcript.*

"Mr. Sullivan's record is the true Americana." —*Gilbert Seldes.*



"This is no academic history; this is life as it was lived."
—*Lewis Gannett in the New York Herald Tribune.*

"A complete and wholly fascinating record of national events and our national foibles at the beginning of the century . . . richly revealing of the factors that went to mold contemporary United States."
—*The Milwaukee Journal.*

Uniform with "Our Times: The Turn of the Century" and "Our Times: America Finding Herself." The three volumes attractively boxed, $15.00.

the new volume of OUR TIMES
by Mark Sullivan

"Illustrated with contemporary cartoons, portraits, and advertisements that make it a delight to turn the pages."
—*New York Herald Tribune.*
563 pages. $5.00

Life in College
by Christian Gauss
Dean of the College, Princeton University

"An extremely wise, entertaining and unacademic book which can be read with profit by both parents and undergraduates. It contains valuable hints for both."—*Outlook and Independent.*
$2.50

Pathways to Certainty
by William Adams Brown
author of "Beliefs that Matter," etc.

A genuine and intelligent quest for truth intended for men and women of to-day who are bewildered in the maze of contemporary thought. $2.50

Jeb Stuart
by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.
author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

"A book that has all the earmarks of greatness. His Jeb Stuart lives, walks, talks, rides, fights, and leads his men with song. He gallops through the midst of momentous events that transpire before the reader's eyes. . . . A gallery of unforgettable portraits."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Illustrated by the author
$5.00

Fifth large printing
A best seller everywhere

On Forsyte 'Change
by John Galsworthy

Nineteen stories of the Forsytes

"Rich with the best of Mr. Galsworthy's genius, full of fun, sadness, biting social criticism and the haunting sense of beauty unattainable."—*London Times.*

"Entirely apart from their relation to the earlier Forsyte books these tales are well worth knowing. Many of them are capital stories which would be almost equally interesting if they had nothing to do with the Forsytes."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

$2.50

at your bookstore
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

John Marsh, Pioneer
Trail-Blazer on Six Frontiers
by George D. Lyman

"The most vivid of wild-west fiction seems anæmic beside this swift-moving, carefully authenticated record of an empire builder."—*Chicago Daily News.*
Illustrated. $3.50

Lone Cowboy
My Life Story
by Will James

"One gets from him the 'feel' of desert and prairie as very few indeed have been able to express it. The result is a book to treasure."—*R. L. Duffus in the New York Times.*
With 60 illustrations by the author. $2.75

In Our Time
by Ernest Hemingway
author of "A Farewell to Arms," etc.

Here are the stories that first introduced a brilliant new talent to American readers. The book includes such famous tales as "The Battler," "My Old Man," "Big Two-Hearted River," and twelve others. It has two introductions, one by Edmund Wilson, the other by the author. $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIFT SUGGESTIONS among Brentano's New Books

ROYAL CHARLES
—Ruler & Rake
by **David Loth**

Amorous Charles II; his many mistresses, the wicked, witty Restoration court circle; live again in this fascinating study against a background of war and sinister statesmanship. *By the author of "Lorenzo the Magnificent" and "The Brownings"* *Illustrated* $4.00

FREDERICK the Great
by **Victor Thaddeus**

Soldier, philosopher, empire-builder, half genius, half scoundrel, his life story is the key to German political developments of the last two hundred years. *By the author of "Voltaire" and "Julius Caesar"* *Illustrated* $5.00

SAVONAROLA
by **Ralph Roeder**

Neither Lorenzo the Magnificent nor Pope Alexander Borgia VI escaped the sting of his scorpion tongue. Alone against a sinful world, Savonarola fought his way to inevitable martyrdom. *Illustrated* $5.00

BURNT OFFERING
Winner Prix Brentano 1930
by **Jeanne Galzy**

Poignant and humanly revealing is Marie Pascal's story. Denied marriage and maternity, her passions starved, she gave her heart to another woman's daughter—a burnt offering. $2.50

GREAT PICTURES of Europe
by **Thomas Munro**

Which ones are they? Why are they *great?* Where found? How can one learn to appreciate them? A *vade mecum* for travelers, art students and art lovers. An ideal gift book. *100 illustrations* $3.50

REVOLT in the ARTS
by **Oliver M. Sayler**
and Contributors

A survey and analysis of the swiftly changing arts in America, with contributions on every phase by thirty-five nationally known authorities. $3.50

LAW and the Modern MIND
by **Jerome Frank**

A comprehensive examination of the whole nature of law and legal thought in the light of the new psychology. Fascinating for lawyers and laymen alike. *Introduction by Judge Julian W. Mack.* $4.00

These books for sale at all bookstores
BRENTANO'S *Publishers, N. Y.*

Books of Special Interest

A George Moore Play

THE PASSING OF THE ESSENES. By GEORGE MOORE. New York: The Macmillan Co. Edition limited to 500 copies. 1930.

Reviewed by WALTON LOSEY

THE esoteric Mr. Moore has written "a play" derived from the emotional idea that informs his novel, "The Brook Kerith." And he has bound this play in lush raspberry-colored pasteboards and limited the copies to five hundred. I think someone has said Mr. Moore is the chiefest of his collectors; as such, he no doubt is radiant over this edition. For all that, neither the volume nor the play quite "comes off."

George Moore, the artist, always has been at cross-purposes with George Moore, the person. Moore is in nature very like the near-great actor. His strength is emotional; no complimentary intellectual force organizes and uses the revelations of his emotion. The genuineness of his vision makes his intellectual frailty seem dishonest. So the occasional beauty of this play, "The Passing of the Essenes," makes it appear that something fine and sincere panders to something worthless and false. The only excuse for a *de luxe* edition is absolute perfection of printing, matching a classic perfection of substance. In other words, a *de luxe* edition is pretentious, and pretentions must be met or they are despicable. This edition is in many respects lovely, but it does not incite enthusiasm—and it must, to be justified. The play is not a play at all, and, despite some differences in story and motivation of character, it obviously is only an attenuation of the mood which dictated "The Brook Kerith."

"The Passing of the Essenes" is not a dramatization of "The Brook Kerith." The play retells the story of the last few chapters in the novel, the story of Paul's coming to the cenoby of the Essenes where Jesus lives, a shepherd, having been saved from the sepulchre and death by Joseph of Arimathea. Moore needed a human God; he needed to share a common humanity with Jesus, and in this need he created such a Jesus, writing "The Brook Kerith." It was almost a great creation, but Moore never bothered to give it the preciseness and particular finality required of great artistic creation. He seems to tire of writing as soon as it ceases to carry itself by its own passion. He writes to satisfy a moment's desire and not for the continued satisfaction of his intellect. We may be mistaken, but we suspect that great artists, when they have finished a work, have nothing left over, every particle of material has been considered. But "The Passing of the Essenes" is just part of a mood in which George Moore tarries indefinitely. Everything is endless, if we let it be. Creation in large part is definition. "The Passing of the Essenes," although sometimes grand and sometimes exquisite, seems to us a shabby business.

If all we say be true, it's hardly worth while to point out that the Jesus of the novel was an orthodox Hebrew with an informed intelligence, the Jesus of the play is an agnostic, and that both were marvelously sweet and gentle persons, real and nowise effeminate. As we have said, the play is not a play. It is a dialogue, a philosophic perambulation reminding one of various journeys in Pater's "Marius." Even though the form is not dramatic, still Mr. Moore might have been delicate enough to make less apparent and stupid his devices for having things his own way in conversation. Well, Mr. Moore was never one to look to for ideals. Ideals are persistent; Mr. Moore is as fickle as desire itself.

The Cynosure of Critics

MADAME DE STAËL AND THE UNITED STATES. By RICHMOND L. HAWKINS. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1930.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN WOODBRIDGE

SAINTE-BEUVE called Mme. de Staël the personification of the genius of the Revolution, of the Empire, and of the Restoration. She is still the cynosure of critics of every phase of the last century; truly time has not withered her. She fascinates alike historians and students of comparative literature. Professor Hawkins's little book is concerned chiefly with the years 1804-1812, when she entertained serious thoughts of emigrating to America. Fortunately for all concerned she never carried out her plan and thus kept her illusions. Hence we have flattering bits like the following: "Ce nouveau monde . . . où la loi commande par le respect qu'elle inspire." The reader gasps until he spies the smiling footnote: "These lines were written over a century ago."

The monograph studies by means of documents largely unpublished, Mme. de Staël's relations with Gouverneur Morris and certain other Americans. By the advice of Morris she had invested large sums in uncultivated real estate. A banker's daughter, she had a keen eye to business, but that alone would not have drawn her across the Atlantic. She sincerely admired America, while the despotism of Napoleon, which threatened to spread all over Europe, made the new world appear as a Utopia. Professor Hawkins is able to trace her varying plans and to make shrewd guesses as to their causes. The conclusion examines penetratingly the chief reasons why she never visited our shores. She knew herself too well to hope that she could be happy away from her brilliant European friends in a country where pioneering was still the main job. Here a vivid sketch of her personality is followed by a number of comments written by her contemporaries who had been in America. These are anything but flattering and remind us of the recent restrictions of Duhamel and others. Professor Hawkins quotes them partly to counteract the "too glamorous picture of American society" painted by H. M. Jones in his "America and French Culture," and partly because they doubtless influenced Mme. de Staël in her decision.

The book is the fruit of thorough and wide investigation. It is addressed to historians and to students of Mme. de Staël, but its erudition does not cloak the human interest of the narrative for the lay reader.

The Best of the New Novels

ROCK AND SAND
By John R. Oliver
Author of *Victim and Victor*

"This fine, exceptionally well-written, stressful yet spirit-soothing, powerful, yet gentle, book. It is a joy to read it."—*Philadelphia Ledger.* $2.50

PO' BUCKRA
By Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney
Authors of *Black Genesis*

The moving story of an aristocratic girl of the South Carolina Low Country, in whose life is mirrored a memorable picture of the Old South's passing. $2.50

DAUGHTERS
By Gabriele Reuter

The singular fortitude and quiet power of endurance with which this mother of post-war Berlin meets her problems will long remain with you as a poignant picture. $2.00

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS
By Gunnar Gunnarsson

"This novel should win a place among the world's classics. It belongs there rightfully"—O. E. ROLVAAG, *The New York Herald Tribune* $2.00

THE WOOD OF THE HANGING TEMPLAR
By Henri Beraud

"Here is a book whose quaint charm is apparent to all who turn its pages."—*New York Times.* $2.50

The FLAMES of MOSCOW
By Ivan Lukash

A novel of Russian life which is rich in incident and has a tremendous sweep and vigor reminiscent of *War and Peace.* $2.50

TALES TOLD BY SIMPSON
By May Sinclair

"Those who prize accomplishment in short story writing will give May Sinclair's effort high place. It is an extremely accomplished book."—*New York Times.* $2.00

WIND FROM THE WEST
By Pamela Hinkson

A romance of Brittany—province of great chateaux and ancient families, of old traditions in conflict with modern ideas. $2.00

MORNING STAR
By Ada Negri

"This graceful little novel . . . has a distinguished beauty of expression and a slender, undeniable charm."—*New York Times.* $2.50

THE MACMILLAN CO. · 60 Fifth Ave. · NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A LANDMARK...!"

London Sphere

Towering over the field of biography

WHISTLER

By James Laver

JAMES LAVER *holds a leading place among the younger British critics and poets. First editions of his books already have collectors' value. His* History of British and American Etching *is the standard work on that subject, and his long poem,* Macrocosmos *is regarded among the major efforts of contemporary poetry. He is connected with the Victoria and Albert Museum as an authority on design and engraving.*

HERE is truly rare merit—a biography of genuine stature on a subject who eminently deserves it. James McNeill Whistler succeeded in making a legend out of himself in his own lifetime. He was adored as the flower of his time; he was reviled as the blight on its culture. And what was there really to him . . . this mocking paradox who dodged a New England heritage to become the cavalier of Victorian Bohemia? JAMES LAVER pierces the dazzling Whistler personality and brings out of myth and partisanship the final and credible person. His Whistler is a gorgeous character, capable of many things that no one else could do, guilty of many others that no one else would want to do. He was half actor, all artist, and a law unto himself—subordinating everything in his life to the necessity of being Whistler. Mr. Laver indulges in no fashionable debunking, but neither has he any awe of "the prerogatives of genius." His book is a triumph of penetration and skill, easily one of the preeminent biographies of our time. The *London Sphere* calls it "A landmark in the acres of books." LEWIS SHERWIN in the *N. Y. Evening Post* adds: "This Whistler is alive. Moreover we understand how he got that way. Emphatically, the best Whistler biography." And the *Philadelphia Public Ledger:* "As heroic a piece of sheer intellectual honesty as we will find among the critical biographies of many a year."

With 22 illustrations. $5.00 AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Every Mother's Son

by **NORMAN LINDSAY.** Youth in a depiction of unexcelled faithfulness. BURTON RASCOE says "Probably the most important novel of the year . . . earns shelf room alongside *Old Wives Tale* and *Of Human Bondage.*" And WILLIAM SOSKIN: "Full blooded to a bursting degree . . . a very convincing affair." $2.00.

This Human Nature

by **CHARLES DUFF.** A stimulating and provocative history of the human state of mind, providing an unorthodox disposal of the old bromide, "You can't change human nature." The author is a young Irishman who is being compared to Swift, Shaw and Fielding. $4.00.

Haym Salomon and the Revolution

by **CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.** When the American Revolution was bankrupt along came Haym Salomon, immigrant Jew and financial genius, to save the day. The history of the hazardous days of our early freedom is incomplete without this story, told now for the first time. $3.50 illustrated.

COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

● Mr. Herbert on an English barge, similar to the anchored *Blackbird*, on which Jane Bell made her home, or the *Prudence*, on which Fred took her for a honeymoon.

Straight from a 6 months' run in England . . .

For over six months it has been a best-seller abroad. It sold, within 2 weeks of publication, over 30,000 copies in England —a record that rivals *All Quiet on The Western Front*. It was selected by the English Book Society. Its praises have been sung by eminent novelists and reviewers; its pages have been relished by a multitude of readers. Now it comes to repeat this triumph in America—an enchanting, human story of life on the English canals—of one girl who tried to go wrong and couldn't and another who joyfully went to the dogs.

What they said in England . . .

"How I wish more people wrote novels like this!"—V. Sackville-West. "Like Dickens if he had read de Maupassant."—*New Statesman*. "A rich, enchanting fairy tale of real life."—Clemence Dane. "As delicate as it is brilliant!"—Arnold Bennett.

What they are saying in America . . .

"It is a book over which you can chuckle and chuckle during and after."—Louis Bromfield. "The person who can read it without pleasure ought to be taken to a doctor."—Dr. Joseph Collins.

At bookstores everywhere $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

A • P • HERBERT

The WATER GIPSIES

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN Æ's foreword to Katharine Tynan's new "Collected Poems" (Macmillan) he describes the chief quality of her work perspicaciously:

> What is common to Katharine Tynan's lyrics out of whatever mood she writes is a shapeliness in their architecture. This can be seen to perfection in "Sheep and Lambs," in "Larks," and in "Lux in Tenebris." I think of this shapeliness of a song with the same pleasure I have when I look on a picture where everything in it, color, form, tone, are harmonized and fit delicately into its four walls. That artistic shapeliness is in danger of becoming a lost art to a generation which grew tired of the traditional courtly dress of poetry and listened to so much free verse that it almost forgot what melody was.

Mrs. Hinkson is distinctly a *melodious* poet. Lately we have been rereading a good deal of the elder verse and it is certainly beyond argument that the true lyrical quality is what one misses in much contemporary work, and the art that conceals the mechanism of verse by virtue of its fitness. Too often today one is aware of the wheels going round with a frantic buzzing, of effects obviously aimed at and unattained inasmuch as we are conscious of the energy of the intention. Free verse can certainly be written in such a manner that it also conceals its mechanism, it can even be distinctly lyrical, but its practitioners are more often bunglers. To write in metre, with rhyme, is in some ways easier. Yet we feel that the difficulties presented are only different in kind. Also today the more advanced poetry aims not at the lyrical or melodious but at the presentation of intricate psychological *nuance*. That is the main interest. It is a perfectly legitimate interest. But we seem to have become too tired of the stanzaic and of the line that is the verse. The music has gone out of a good deal of modern poetry. Mrs. Hinkson uses the traditional forms of verse. She writes simply, sometimes sentimentally, but always as one who is completely at home in her medium. The arrangement of her words is quite free of inversions. Her thought is innocent and religious. Her poetry sings with the Celtic wistfulness:

Flashes awhile the fin of a trout in the waters
Silver and cool.
Where are ye, flowers, maids of the woods, and the daughters
Of river and pool?
Clad in silver, wrought with roses and pansies,
Many a leaf;
Lovely your milk-white arms linked in the dances:
Gone for our grief.

One of our American women poets, Margaret Widdemer, is the same sort of practitioner in her earlier work. In Mrs. Hinkson's quiet poems, with their love of the countryside and their religious love, beautiful and original imagery ever and again unobtrusively appears:

The country washes to my door
Green miles on miles in soft uproar,
The thunder of the woods, and then
The backwash of green surf again.

We must confess that we like the latter part of her book better than the former which is most devout and extremely maternal. One must be wholly Irish and wholly a Catholic, which we are not, sufficiently to be appealed to by that portion. There is also one entire section concerning Mother and Child in their relationship of sentiment which, while reflecting a tender and generous nature, is also just a trifle too much of a good thing for us. It is the kind of thing Mrs. Hinkson sings in "The Old Land," for instance, that charms us more:

There's a road runs to Wicklow: it goes past the door.
The dust of it's holy for feet it once bore.
They've all travelled Westward where the sun doesn't set,
Ah, don't you remember? *and* could you forget?

John Myers O'Hara, who is a considerable linguist and who, with John Hervey, translated Heredia in a definitive volume that was printed quite recently by the John Day Company is also the author of "Pagan Sonnets" (Smith & Sale, Portland, Maine) which originally appeared some years ago and drew encomia then from Jack London, George Sterling, Henry L. Mencken, the late William Marion Reedy, and others. The earliest sonnets in the book we could not help thinking marred here and there by classical but largely unfamiliar words. As we read on, however, we familiarized ourself with a poet genuinely steeped in Greek and Roman antiquity and yet able freshly and vividly to picture the past, shrewdly to comment on its beliefs and philosophies. If Mr. O'Hara's "Attic Idyll," though accomplished, is rather too much the sort of thing Thomas Bailey Aldrich could do quite as effectively, his "Marathon," and, even more his "Africanus," furnish splendid pictures and resonant music. "Via Tenebrarum" would have considerably graced a Greek anthology; and the poet ranges easily from the wholly charming "Bucolic," with its exquisite last line, to the fierce color of "A Dream of Caligula" and "Vespasian Circus." His "Perpetuity" is of rare workmanship. We have mentioned but seven sonnets from the sixty-three, nor is it reasonable to expect that all should attain the same level. But almost all have some phrase or line that arrests the attention. There are other phrases or expressions that one could wish away; there are occasional counters of speech worn smooth of significance, some words and inversions that seem stale, but the poet nevertheless has a notable command of his form. We prefer to quote—not a sonnet like "Vespasian's Circus," which has been much admired and is pictorial in the extreme, but this which, in its delicate feeling, does seem to "cheat oblivion":

SEPTENTRION

Stooping I read upon the stele this,
An epitaph that left my heart entranced;
"Our little child, Septentrion, who danced
Oft in the theatre of Antipolis,
Aid gave to all the joy that once was his";
Gray words of grief on which my eyes had chanced
In a gray land; and as the years advanced,
What pain was thine, Septentrion, to miss!
Your little feet, so blithely dancing on,
Swift as a sunbeam out of life and light,
Recalling love has rescued from the night;
With graceful steps that cheat oblivion,
You come across the ages, clad in white,
A little ghost to me, Septentrion!

Another book from Maine, this time from the Mosher Press, is by another veteran hand, that of Clinton Scollard, "Songs out of Egypt." Mr. Scollard has given us many books of verse in great variety. He, too, in this small volume, furnishes us with the sonnet upon antiquity, as in "An Egyptian Dawn," and though his brief poems are none of them of great stature there is some pleasing observation in them. The following, entitled "A Gizeh Night" is an impression well-conveyed:

The arc of the west was a wide auroral rose;
The bull-bats blundered in eerie curves, and where
The giant pyramid climbed stair after stair
The clutching desert crept in, and we felt it close
With invisible hands about us, lingering there.
And Aldebaran poised above, and the Pleiades
Seemed to swirl in a mist, and a lovely lotus moon
Smiled down, and an ancient wind began to croon
Of the immemorial past. Dead dynasties
Marched by, and the Sphinx peered up through a gap in a dune.

We have examined three books published by Henry Harrison of 27 East 7th Street. Two are anthologies, "Lyric Invaders" and "The Grub Street Book of Verse 1930," the third being "Startled Flight" by Harry William Nelson. While here and there an idea or a phrase holds the attention for a moment there is really nothing that seems to us good enough to discuss or quote. There is a good deal that is trivial, but there are also serious attempts that fail for lack of skill. Mr. Harrison believes that these poets should have a hearing. It is possible that after some time a few of them will do something outstanding. We cannot prophesy. We only know that as we read them now we are not impressed. Following these we pick up Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's "Out of Nymph" (Scribner) and marvel that such an eminent publishing house should print such extremely third-rate work, while the sections in it entitled "As Poets Correspond" and "In Lighter Vein" made us positively squirm.

COLLECTED POEMS. By STEPHEN BERRIEN STANTON. Minton, Balch. $2.

His publishers tell us that Mr. Stanton's essays have been compared to those of Emerson. However that may be, his poetry seems to us utterly undistinguished.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Incunabula Xylographica

HANDBUCH DER HOLZ- UND METALSCHNITTE DES XV. JAHRHUNDERTS (Handbook of Woodcuts and Metalcuts of the Fifteenth Century). By W. L. SCHREIBER. Leipzig: Karl Hiersemann. 1926-1930. 8 volumes. About $95.

Reviewed by THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT
Hunter College

THE great work of the German commission for the study of incunabula in producing the first volumes of the "Gesamtkatalog," or corpus of fifteenth century books, has received wide and favorable comment in this country. But there has been less popular notice of a work by a single author in its way quite as important for students of early printing, Professor W. L. Schreiber's revision and amplification of his classic study of the separately printed relief-prints before 1501, which are closely associated with the origins of typography.

In 1891 Schreiber began to publish, in French, his "Manuel," a study of the woodcuts and similar productions of the fifteenth century. In the first volumes he dealt with the woodcuts on single sheets, which include the earliest examples of printing, as we understand the word, and then with the dotted prints and other prints from metal blocks cut in relief. Later he proceeded to the then mysterious blockbooks, which he showed to be later than the first typographic productions and not ancestral to them. Finally he listed the illustrated incunabula of Northern Europe. The monumental task was completed in 1911. Meanwhile the earliest section, on the separate prints, which provided a guide through a most difficult field of study, became through the new work of his followers and himself somewhat out of date. Now Schreiber has recodified in a vast *catalogue raisonné* the information available about these single prints.

The difficulties of studying this series are paralleled in few fields of bibliography. The prints are almost always anonymous, rarely dated, infrequently inscribed, of unequal artistic merit, but always of excessive rarity. A certain writer on Elizabethan quartos said such books were "rare" if four copies survived. But when four copies of a relief print are known it is "very common" since perhaps eighty percent of the varieties known are from *unique* copies, and probably less than one per cent of the varieties that once existed have survived at all. All were made for wide popular circulation; except for the metalcuts they were very cheap, and liable to destruction when old or damaged as of no value at all. Most of the specimens we have are on religious subjects, for prints in monasteries had the best chance for survival. Every specimen naturally, has a special importance. The chief collections are in Munich, Vienna, Paris, Berlin, London, and Nuremberg, but many minor collections exist in Europe. There are relatively few specimens in this country, though there are representative collections in New York, and a dozen institutions and collectors elsewhere can show a few examples of the art which may be called the elder sister of the art preservative of arts.

Schreiber adopts an iconographic grouping, arranging prints of the same subject by size, and giving each variety a number. Under each number is a full description, followed by references to all learned publications and reproductions of the print, together with a register of copies, an opinion as to date, place of manufacture, coloring, and any other definite information discovered about the print.

The method, despite the highly theoretical nature of some of the subject matter, is severely scientific; indeed, in declining to accept the romantically early dating of some enthusiasts, Schreiber has rather leaned backwards in dating every print as late as possible. But he escapes the chief fault of such a method by including every print that he believes may possibly belong to the fifteenth century.

A few of his views on important or disputed points may be of interest here, since they are based on such truly monographic work. Apparently Schreiber now believes that the Western invention of printing from woodblocks inconographically on paper dates from the very end of the fourteenth century, and that the art was first practiced in Italy and Southern Germany and soon spread to France, later to Holland, Bohemia, and even England, though only about twenty English specimens seem to be known. The earliest surviving prints are probably German—a few on stylistic grounds (and in the case of No. 185 the style of the hair) he attributes to the very end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. He does not regard the date, 1423, on the celebrated St. Christopher in the John Rylands Library (No. 1349) as that of publication, but as having allusion like all other dates before 1450 to some historic event with which the issue of the print was connected. And I believe that he does not think woodblock printing directly suggested printing from movable metal types. For although the sign manual of Henry VI of England from a wooden or metal handstamp is known on a document of 1436, the hypothetical work from movable wood types does not occur, and printed words on prints are very few and rough before 1440. One may ask whether Gutenberg was influenced by the metalcuts which appear about that year—the first typography was about 1445. Occasionally the background was cut away altogether in the early metalcuts, and this might suggest using separate pieces in new combinations. That it was an age of curious mechanical experiments is evidenced by the attempts to make bas reliefs by means of metal plates, in the curious paste prints, rarest of all, which date from the second half of the century.

Since "Schreiber numbers" are used on every page of the subsequent literature, those used in the "Manuel" have been retained, and more recent finds placed in proper order by means of intercalated letters, which allows expansion if another revision is ever made,—Schreiber references being thus permanent. In the eighth volume is an appendix of prints discovered during the publication of the earlier volumes, and a general register of public and private collections. In the seventh is a general discussion of the whole field.

The general survey shows such mastery of the evidence about the artists, their methods, dates, and intention that one can only admire this magnificent fruition of a life's work. One may fittingly extend to Professor Schreiber sincere congratulations that in reworking his *magnum opus* he has made a great work greater still.

"I like it best of all,"
says BRAND WHITLOCK

Here is a book in which one finds and enjoys—

"keen observation"
"humor"
"irony"
"humanness"
"CHARM"

Do not miss the most entertaining of war books—

THE SILENCE OF COLONEL BRAMBLE
By ANDRÉ MAUROIS
Author of "Byron," "Disraeli," etc.
$2.50
This is an Appleton Book
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
35 West 32nd Street, New York

CAESAR THE MAN
by
MIRKO JELUSICH

"Caesar: The Man is a gigantic painting of a great man—done by a great man."
—Wiener Zeitung

$3.00

RICHARD R. SMITH, NEW YORK

New Biography
KAISER AND CHANCELLOR
By Karl Friedrich Nowak
"The German edition of this unusually interesting book . . . provoked a storm of controversy... There is no denying the skill of the recital. The narrative moves rapidly and absorbingly."—*New York Herald Tribune* $3.50

NORTHCLIFFE
By Hamilton Fyfe
"Having spent the last ten years largely in the business of appraising biographical books for critical purposes, I am sure I have some right to express the opinion that this is as good a biography as has been written in that time and as good a biography as any author now writing is ever likely to write."—CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON, *The Commonweal* $4.00

New Novels
SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS
By Gunnar Gunnarsson
"An undeniably compelling and thoughtful novel... more than a stirring narrative; it is a thoughtful book, and one which the thoughtful reader... cannot fail to find impressive."—*New York Times* $2.00

PO' BUCKRA
By Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney
Authors of Black Genesis
The moving story of a South Carolina plantation crumbling under the forces of modernity. $2.50

THE WOOD OF THE HANGING TEMPLAR
By Henri Beraud
"Here is a book whose quaint charm is apparent to all who turn its pages."—*New York Times* $2.50

Just Published
***CHARLES A. BEARD'S* New Book**
THE AMERICAN LEVIATHAN
THE REPUBLIC IN THE MACHINE AGE
By Charles A. Beard and William Beard
In his first major enterprise since *The Rise of American Civilization,* Dr. Beard provides for the general reader a clear commentary on how the American democracy is actually working under the stresses of a modern industrial civilization which demands more and more of its government. Comparable in the acuteness of its observation and in scope to Bryce's *The American Commonwealth,* it gives an up-to-date view of the intricate machine which revolves about the capitol dome. Special emphasis is placed on the new political facts growing out of new economic facts. You will find the work highly stimulating and informative. $5.00

***SIR JAMES JEANS'* New Book**
THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE
By the Author of The Universe Around Us
SCIENTIFIC BOOK CLUB NOVEMBER SELECTION
"Not since the days of Pythagoras twenty-five centuries ago has the music of the spheres sounded with such harmony...The last chapter, 'Into Deep Waters', cannot possibly be ignored by any one who wishes to remain in touch with modern thought."—GERALD WENDT, *New York Herald Tribune* $2.25

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY ~ 60 Fifth Avenue ~ NEW YORK

Jane Addams'
THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE
Miss Addams not only brings the interesting story of the famous Chicago social settlement down to date, but includes many autobiographical notes and reflections in her account. $4.00

Padraic Colum's
ORPHEUS: Myths of the World
Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff
"Art joined hands with literature to make this book, for the poetic text is embellished and immeasurably augmented by twenty engravings by Boris Artzybasheff... The volume is a golden treasury of folklore."—*Washington Post* $5.00

Cross Roads in Ireland
In this book Mr. Colum has written a charming companion volume to *The Road Round Ireland.* $3.50

Lorado Taft's
THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE
"A story of the deepest significance to American art, and one which, as told by Mr. Taft, is of fascinating interest," is now brought up to date by Adeline Adams, who has added new material and new illustrations. $5.00

HOMES OF THE CAVALIERS
By Katherine Scarborough
This account of the storied houses of old Maryland, in which the lords of the manor lived amid a feudal civilization, will appeal to anyone who has, or is making, a home of his own. $5.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles W. Eliot

by Henry James

"We have never had before, the man and his achievement placed before us in such detail and with such a picture of his environment." William Allan Neilson in the Atlantic. 2 vols., illus., $10.00

Letters of

Henry Adams

1858-1891

"These letters reveal Adams more intimately than 'The Education' could possibly do, and furnish at the same time penetrating comment on men and events." N. Y. Herald Tribune. $5.00

Portrait of a Diplomatist

by Harold Nicolson

A life of Sir Arthur Nicolson and a study into the origins of the Great War. "The news reel never gave the hoi-polloi so neat a sense of having stood upon the deck with the mighty as this book affords." N. Y. Herald Tribune. $5.00

Americans in the Foreign Legion

by Paul Ayres Rockwell

"As I read this book, I heard bands play; martial music echoed through every page, and made the old shivers run up and down my spine." Leonard H. Nason. Lavishly illustrated, $5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO

Exciting people live between the covers of this novel

MAURICE GUEST

Two years of passionate, thrilling life in the glamorous art colony of Leipzig await you with MAURICE GUEST. "This, in a time of fleeting fiction, is a book which will remain permanently in literature."

—*The New Yorker*

By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON
576 pages
$2.50

3rd large printing

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
70 Fifth Avenue, New York

Points of View

"Casanova's Homecoming"

To the Editor of The Saturday Review:
Sir:

May we ask the hospitality of your columns to correct a perhaps inevitable injustice to one of the world's outstanding authors?

When Mr. John S. Sumner, Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, instituted his attacks on "Casanova's Homecoming," by Dr. Arthur Schnitzler, widespread publicity was given to his charges and to the so-called "raid" on the publishers. After a series of hearings and investigations, the conclusion of a seven-year legal battle on this book was finally reached two weeks ago, when the Grand Jury of New York County officially dismissed all of Mr. Sumner's complaints and announced that there was no basis for any indictment.

This decision, coming as it did on top of an opinion rendered by Magistrate Maurice Gottlieb, completely absolving the book from any charge of obscenity, marks the final and irrevocable vindication of the book, the author, and the publishers.

We are not unmindful of the technical exigencies of news administration; there is probably more "spot" news value in an attack or a complaint than there is in a defense or an exoneration. For this reason, we are not criticizing the newspapers for giving extensive space to the original charges and recording the final vindication and conclusion of the case in a few meager and routine paragraphs. Nevertheless, we feel it is only fair to Dr. Arthur Schnitzler and to ourselves to direct further attention to the clean-cut decision and to its significance in the world of letters.

Apparently, nobody in the community found any fault with "Casanova's Homecoming" except Mr. John S. Sumner. Speaking as the paid agent of an extra-legal society, Mr. Sumner took it upon himself to extract passages of the book from their context and to brand the work as a whole as "not only obscene" but "consecutively obscene." Thus spoke Mr. Sumner. But he spoke alone. No court, no judge, no legal body saw fit to validate his charges. On the contrary, the leaders of modern life, the teachers, the editors, the educators, the physicians, the critics, the psychiatrists, the ministers promptly and impressively rallied to the defense of an incontestable classic of modern literature. There was no doubt as to the enlightened judgment of the community. From the outset it was not a clash of representative opinions but a preponderance in favor of the book.

Nevertheless, Mr. Sumner's tactics necessitated the long-drawn-out procedure of several court actions, elaborate and costly legal defense, extended correspondence, symposia, research, and questionnaires, and the expenditure of the city's money in administrative and juristic routine.

The fair name of one of the greatest writers of modern literature was sullied and assailed by sensational accusations; a book of unimpeachable integrity was falsely charged with obscenity; a valuable literary property was impaired through deferment and suspension of sales; costly advertising and promotion material that could not be recalled was nullified during the period of adjudication; and a decorous and law-abiding publishing house subjected to the machinations of spies, agents provocateurs, strong-arm raids, and seizures.

When Mr. Sumner's complaint was filed on August 8th, we stated:

> We not only publish all the works of Arthur Schnitzler in America, having issued nine of his books since 1925, but respect them and admire them. We shall fight this case in that spirit. We have always published his books and those of the other Inner Sanctum novelists with dignity, and regret that Mr. Sumner's tactics may lead to a type of public discussion that is susceptible of misinterpretation in some quarters. But since he has seen fit to initiate the action, we will defend the book to the best of our ability, and safeguard a classic of modern fiction against the misguided zeal of an extra-legal society which is pitting its opinion against the virtually unanimous edict of critics, scholars, men of letters, and civilized readers generally. It is now for the courts to determine which side is right in the eyes of the law.

That answer has now been given in an unmistakable manner, and all of Mr. Sumner's charges have been dismissed and invalidated in their entirety.

It now seems absurd that so involved and so costly a procedure of defense was necessary in a case where no reasonable man could have any just doubt. Here was a book issued openly and proudly by a reputable publishing house under its own imprint, a firm which had up to that time brought out close to three million volumes under its own name without the slightest suggestion, direct or indirect, of any violation of the canons of propriety or decency; here was a book translated and acclaimed in virtually every civilized country in the world; a work singled out for endorsement by the Columbia University Course in World Literature sponsored by President Nicholas Murray Butler, and by the Encyclopædia Britannica; a book admitted through the customs and the mails; sold even in Boston; recommended in representative institutions of higher learning; widely advertised and reviewed in the press; prominently displayed and featured by distinguished bookstores; and approved by social agencies and civic bodies—attacked only by Mr. John S. Sumner.

A vital principle was at stake in this case. If we were guilty, then the newspapers, the magazines, the universities, the schools, the libraries of America were also guilty of purveying objectionable and obscene reading matter. Hereafter Mr. John S. Sumner and his staff will be better advised if they confine their energies to the legitimate field of curbing dissemination of dirty post-cards and pornographic films. Let them respect the freedom of genuine literature in America; and let them give heed to the edicts of good taste and civilized opinion.

Pornography is never published in an open spirit, in the white light of fame and community endorsement. It is offered in dark places and under sinister and suspicious circumstances. Raids by Mr. Sumner's minions should be confined to the back alleys of filth, and not to the broad highway of distinguished creative literature. . . . That is the lesson of the case of "Casanova's Homecoming," now happily a closed incident.

SIMON & SCHUSTER.

New York City.

Little Nell Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Roy W. Johnson's letter in your issue of Oct. 18—arraigning Aldous Huxley for his condemnation of certain vulgarities in Poe and Dickens—in what, by the way, appealed to me as one of the finest critical articles you have ever printed—reminds me, in its arguments of a friend of mine who champions Edgar Guest as the one enduring poet of the generation just because he knew the old captain of a whaleback on the Great Lakes who read him and would read nothing else. The captain thought Guest was a great poet. All the letters that Dickens received according to Mr. Johnson's letter seemed to be from people more or less in this same intellectual category. Doubtless Harold Bell Wright now receives many similar letters of weepy praise.

Obviously Poe and Dickens are tremendous artists, but that does not preclude the validity of Aldous Huxley's arraignment of certain vulgarities in them.

Little Nell, regarding whom Mr. Johnson in his letter seems to be particularly voluble, is—well, I must go back to what Aldous Huxley said—which is, in effect, that in this sniffling creation, Dickens was a failure.

K. S. ALLING.

New York City.

"Darn" Little Sex

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Ellis Parker Butler's review of my symposium, "Whither Whither? or After Sex What?" shows that a humorist is a humorist after all, and you mustn't take him seriously. In case your readers have taken him seriously and believe that he has had his facts straight, permit me to make the following correction.

Mr. Butler says that the book fails to be humorous because all of it except Mr. Wilson's piece depends for its humor upon sex, which he believes by this time to be too old a joke. Now out of the twelve pieces in the book only three deal with sex. There are three possible inferences to draw from this: one, Mr. Butler looked at the pictures and didn't read the book; or, like other loathers of sex, he read only those articles which promised to satisfy his loathing; or else, Mr. Butler is pretty far gone and sees sex symbolism in the atom, an ocean liner, Mr. Coolidge's mountain history, the word Anthropos, architecture, the vine, and the question, Quo Vadimus?

I feel it necessary in all fairness to your readers to warn them that Mr. Butler has misled them, for there is darn little sex in the book.

WALTER S. HANKEL.

New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

DOG DAYS. By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

Mr. White has been an author thirty years and has to his credit some forty books, nearly all as out-of-doors as he himself is. None of them has been "important"; none is, by literary standards, surpassingly good—not even "The Forest" or "The Mountains" or "The Cabin," or the volumes of short stories that contain his best fiction, or "Credo," his appearance as philosopher, which was better worth while than was widely appreciated. And yet, even the few downright dull ones have been likable; or rather, Mr. White, as descried through their dulness, has been so. If you cannot be a Conrad or a W. H. Hudson, it is something to be outstanding among the writers of your time as the genuine, equipoised, self-assured, and independent, yet reasonable and singularly modest, individual that he seems to be.

All the qualities that recommend him, including the sense of humor, are strongly to the fore in "Dog Days," which is a retrospect over bygone arcadian ages, that of the shotgun and that of the horse on the roads of California, and over the early decades of the motor age, their gravedigger. It is conducted, so to speak, by the dogs that he had in those periods: Old Joe, the pointer that taught him as a boy how to hunt ruffed grouse in Michigan; Deuce, the Llewellyn that we knew from "The Forest"; Tuxana, and then Irish, both half-and-half bull and bull terrier, hence solid but sagacious. There is more to it, however, than this outline suggests. Volumes could add little to its casual thirty pages epitomizing the onset of the motor age, and no veteran could be more tranquilly philosophical than Mr. White is concerning the resultant great changes. A mellow book, so pleasant that the dictated-but-not-read-ness of parts of it is quickly forgiven.

Fiction

FIVE ON PARADE. By DORIS PEEL. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.

One can give a fair idea of this novel by explaining the title. The five are the Kiplings, the orphan children of an irresponsible and unsuccessful poet who is called in the family "the Duke," because he used to say of himself that, as he was a foundling, he might be the Duke of Monmouth. The parade is an imaginary procession of the Valkyries, Boadicea, Cœur de Lion, and all the children's legendary heroes, in which, in times of difficulty, they feel themselves taking part. The experienced reader should by this time recognize the type: the maturing of a family of young people, courageous, a little self-consciously gallant, humorous, unconventional, and represented as highly talented.

This example of the type is bewilderingly uneven. There are chapters where the young people justify their reputation for charm and wit, and chapters where they do not; there are passages of false sentiment, and others of real and touching feeling. As the book goes on, the author finds a five-in-hand increasingly difficult to manage, and two of the Kiplings almost drop out of sight; but when, in the last quarter of the book, a real problem arises, it is very well handled, and its solution entirely avoids the easy and unsatisfactory happy ending which one always fears in a book of this kind.

Probably the unevenness is to be explained by the boast of the jacket that "Five on Parade" was finished before its author was twenty. It is often true of unusually sensitive natures that before their critical faculties develop they are genuinely moved by the conventionalities of books which they later perceive to be artificial; this may well explain the combination, in "Five on Parade," of dead sentimentality side by side with real insight and pathos. The book suffers badly from want of design, and the author from want of self-criticism, but it shows a vigor and zest which promise much better things from Miss Peel's twenties.

THE WOOD OF THE HANGING TEMPLAR. By HENRI BERAUD. Translated by SAMUEL SLOAN. Macmillan. 1930. $2.50.

This novel takes its name from the opening episode, in which, in the year 1309, a Knight Templar is hanged in a wood outside the little French town of Sabolas. Thereafter he always haunts the spot before any calamity. It must not be supposed that the book seriously makes use of the aristic possibilities of a curse or doom; the figure of the Templar serves only to give some sort of unity to a story that runs from 1309 to 1790, and consists of nothing but one calamity after another. The town of Sabolas suffers not only every probable, but every remotely possible, disaster that could befall French peasants under the monarchy; they are taxed and ground down by the overlord, the abbot, and the distant king—so much one might expect—and not only that, but they are visited by plague and famine, a party of Huguenots raid and torture them, gypsies leave leprosy in their midst, they revolt and win worse oppression. This gloomy succession of troubles extends for two hundred and seventy pages without once being relieved by any foil of good fortune, or any character sufficiently boldly drawn to catch one's attention. Indeed, the four centuries of necessity pass too quickly to allow any interest in a given generation; the effect is simply that of a race of featureless gnomes trodden continually into the mire.

Such was no doubt the effect the author wished to produce; but this is a book that compels one to wonder why it was written. One might be tempted to suppose that it was meant as a *tour-de-force* to show how uselessly depressing a book could be, if it were not for the opening sentence: "My story is for people of the soil." Although one can hardly imagine the book's being widely read among people of the soil, one must suppose that the author, like Mark Twain, is a man of such hypersensitive generosity of soul that he suffers, not only from injustices that exist, but from injustices that have been remedied for centuries.

The translation is annoyingly given to the vice of leaving a word in French and explaining it in a footnote. In some instances, in a book dealing so largely with vanished feudal customs, this is difficult to avoid, but often it is quite unnecessary; for example, the italicized "*Matin des Rois*" and the officious footnote explaining this as the sixth of January could both have been obviated by simply giving the phrase its correct translation of "Epiphany."

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week)

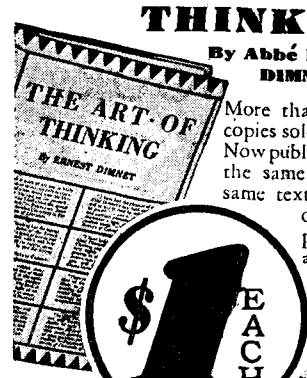
SONGS AND JOHNNY-JUMP-UP. By JOHN FARRAR. Illustrated by RITA LEACH. Richard R. Smith. 1930. $1.50.

But it's tomorrow puzzles me;
It never comes or goes.
Just what it is they won't explain;
I think that no one knows.

Easy, whimsical, childlike, unforced, the small Songs of Wishing, and of Out-Doors, of the House, and of Circumstance follow each other across the pages of Mr. Farrar's book companioned by the equally simple and gay drawings of Rita Leach. The book is child-sized; easy to pick up; easy

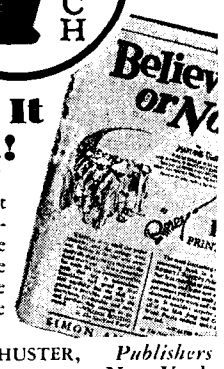
(*Continued on next page*)

The ART of THINKING
By Abbé ERNEST DIMNET



More than 150,000 copies sold at $2.50. Now published from the same plates—same text—by the original publishers, at $1.00.

Believe It or Not!
By RIPLEY



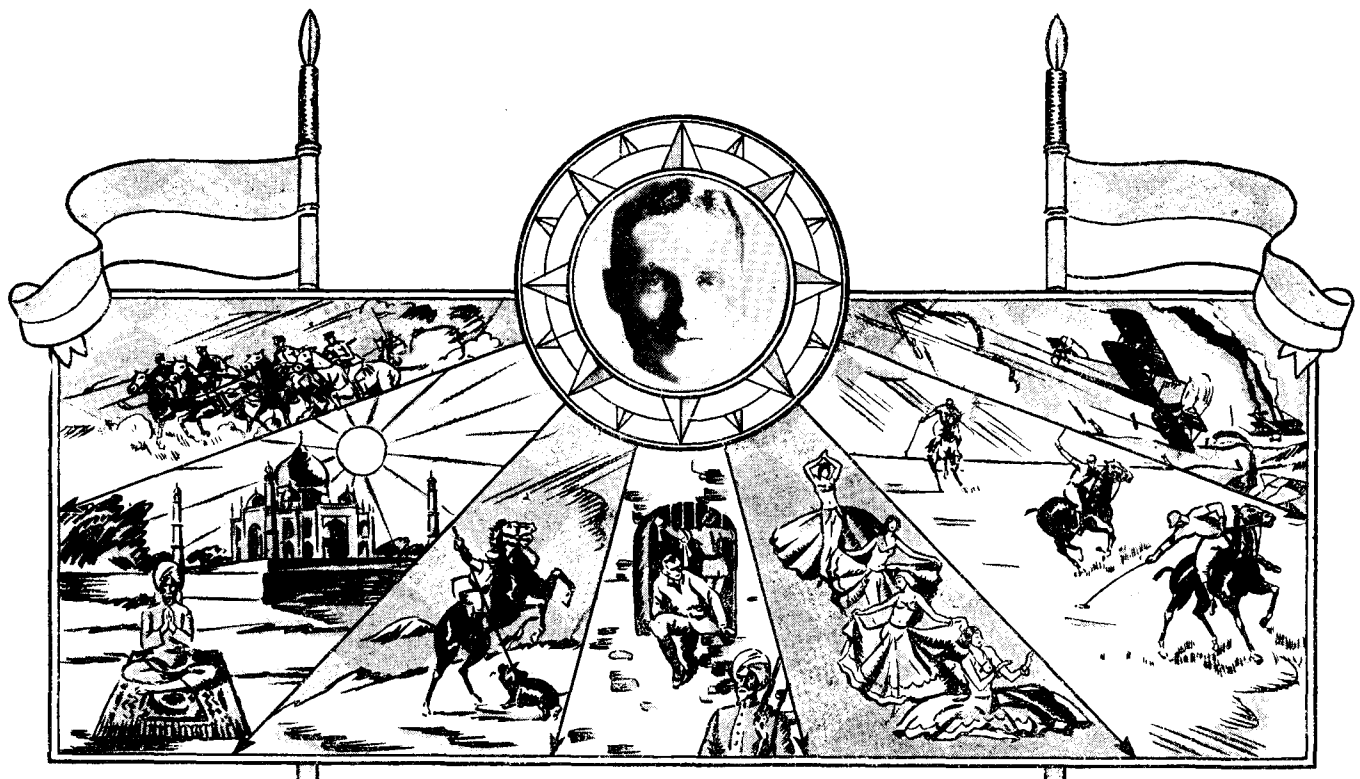
70,000 copies sold at $2.00. From original plates. These books now on sale at $1.00 everywhere or direct from the publishers.

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER, *Publishers*
386 Fourth Avenue New York

The Frank Hollings Bookshop
7 Gret Turnstile, Holborn
London, W.C. England

Announces a **New Stocktaking Catalogue** of 2697 items. First Editions, Association Books from the Gosse, Shorter, and Colvin libraries, Occult Books, and interesting Works in all classes of Literature for the Collector and Student.

Post free on application



"A unique book . . . we are the richer for it, the wiser for it . . . we have shared his fine adventure."
—HUGH WALPOLE

"In its breadth of scope nothing but Forster's 'Passage to India' can be compared with it . . . adventure in the widest sense . . . adventure of the soul as well as the body . . . vigor and beauty have gone into the writing of it . . . a dramatic and unusual book."
—BLAIR NILES

"Here is sensational stuff . . . a prose that races with the clean gallop of one of his own polo-ponies . . . carries you confidently with the winds of adventure in your teeth."
—COREY FORD

"It tugs at the memory and draws a man into day-dreaming."
—HAROLD LAMB

"A notable achievement . . . a fascinating book."
—E. F. BENSON

Seven Roads Led from Bannu
— and One Man Followed Them All

India . . . mystic and brooding . . . gave to one man priceless gifts of high adventure and strange wisdom. Along seven dangerous roads he ventured — and lived to tell the almost unbelievable story of his seething lives. Beyond adventures of the body, he probed into weird adventures of the mind. He pondered on mysteries and faced realities.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER
by MAJOR F. YEATS-BROWN

At Bannu, one New Year's Eve, a young English subaltern faced a new world. He was to see the wild worship of Juggernaut; to see King Cobra glide menacingly from beneath his tub; unhorsed, to face death by a charging boar; to fly and fight over Mesopotamia; to know the lure of the Nautch girls; to learn centuries-old secrets from a great Yogi teacher to make an impossible escape from a Turkish prison.

With a sweeping prose Major F. Yeats-Brown has written an authentic tale of glorious adventure. $2.75.

Chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club in America
Chosen by the Book Society in England

THE VIKING PRESS : : 18 East 48th Street

"The finest thing ever done about mysterious and fabulous Hindustan by a writer from the West. I have read several hundred books on India and this surpasses them all."
—LOWELL THOMAS

"An amazingly interesting book . . . carries a varied appeal."
—KERMIT ROOSEVELT

"It is so racy, so breathlessly rapid, so straight and simple in its English . . . . he was born to write."
—J. C. SQUIRE

"If Major Yeats-Brown has anything further to say he will find an audience leaning forward in their seats. His book is magnificent. It has so many good qualities that the critics will have a hard time discovering any bad ones, save, perhaps, that it is too short."
—WILLIAM McFEE

"In every fortunate book season, at least one book of extraordinary freshness appears . . . *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* is such a book."
—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Book-of-the-Month Club News

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS TO BUY BOOKS TO READ

BORZOI BOOKS

BOOKS TO KEEP BEAR THIS LABEL

"Fine Criticism and Commentary on Life"

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Edited by J. Middleton Murry

This collection of critical essays about her contemporaries were written for *The Athenaeum* during the last years of Katherine Mansfield's life and are considered by many to be her most brilliant work. V. Sackville-West says of this book, "It is a fine criticism and commentary on life from every point of view. It is a book to read, to buy and to keep." 5¾" x 8¾", 326 pp. $3.50

Two Special Editions in which "the result is highly artistic"

"MR. KNOPF is to be congratulated upon his choice of artists of line-drawing for the embellishment of both these books. In each case the result is highly artistic with no intrusion upon the fine prose. There is practically no other publisher in this country who could have achieved such perfectly right book-making."—The Saturday Review of Literature.

STORIES BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

A selection by J. MIDDLETON MURRY

The twelve best stories of this engaging author, including such favorites as *Prelude, Life of Ma Parker* and *Bliss*, in a beautiful de luxe edition designed by Elmer Adler, with twelve illustrations in black and white by Zhenya Gay. Set in Monotype Baskerville and printed on Borzoi toned laid paper, and bound in brown natural finish cloth. 7½" x 10¼", 215 pp., $5.00

THE THREE BLACK PENNYS

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

Printed by the Plimpton Press in Monotype Baskerville on Borzoi toned wove paper, with eight full page illustrations and over fifty decorations. Bound in imported linen. 7¼" x 9⅛", 334 pp., $5.00 Also 170 copies on imported Rives paper, bound in hand stained flexible animal parchment, stamped in gold, signed by the author and artist. 8⅛" x 11½", boxed, $25.00

Essays by the "Inimitable Max"

AROUND THEATRES

By MAX BEERBOHM

The brilliant papers which Max wrote for the London *Saturday Review* when he succeeded Shaw as dramatic critic reveal an aspect of his genius long hidden in dusty files and an out of print English edition. His new preface for this American edition makes it a genuine collector's "first." 2 volumes, 5¾" x 8¾", 762 pp., boxed, $7.50

By the Author of Miss Lulu Bett

BRIDAL POND

By ZONA GALE

Everyone who has enjoyed *Miss Lulu Bett* and *Faint Perfume* will find that in this book Miss Gale's highly individual talents have a greater maturity, a more polished form than ever before. In the lives of ordinary men and women, she has found the most intense drama, making these stories in many ways among the finest writing she has ever done. 5¼" x 7¾", 261 pp., $2.50

A Distinguished Borzoi Limited Edition

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

By WILLIAM COBBETT

Caricatures by James Gillray. Edited, with a Preface, by Earl E. Fisk

Printed by the Curwen Press in Monotype Baskerville on Van Gelder all-rag paper, with eight full page illustrations reproduced in Collotype and hand colored. Bound in cream buckram. Only 475 are available for America. 7⅛" x 10", 230 pp., $15.00

Delightful and Entertaining Americana

THE AMERICAN HOTEL

An Anecdotal History

By JEFFERSON WILLIAMSON

This unique chronicle of the development of the American hotel, from the post-Revolutionary inns down to the sky-scraper palaces of New York, will be of great interest to all students of Americana as well as to those who simply enjoy a picturesque and well told story. Because the hotel has always been an integral part of American life, in tracing its history, Mr. Williamson also traces the political and social changes of the country, revealing a wealth of anecdote and information. Illustrated, 5¾" x 8¾", 344 pp., $3.50

YE OLDE FIRE LADDIES

By HERBERT ASBURY

The author of *The Gangs of New York* has here written the story of those red-shirted brawlers and their "en-jines", who for so many years provided amusement as well as protection for the citizens of Manhattan. Mr. Asbury has, while delving into the history of the volunteer firemen, discovered some valuable and most entertaining material about the early days of New York. Illustrated, 5¾" x 8¾", 213 pp., $3.50

At the Better Bookshops

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER · NEW YORK

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

to enjoy; easy to carry away in one's memory. Mr. Farrar acknowledges his chief indebtedness to Johnny-Jump-Up himself, "at whose specific request most of the later poems were written; in fact I might almost say, dictated by him. 'I want,' he will say, 'a poem about the moon.' 'What about the moon?' 'How it talks to me at night.' "

Add a child reading, and the charmed circle is complete.

RACING YACHTS DONE IN CORK MODELS. By PETER ADAMS. Illustrated by MADELAINE KROLL. Dutton. 1930. $1.25.

Tacitly acknowledging that the making of ship models is an art beyond the capabilities of the average young or old person, Peter Adams has given his readers an opportunity to work in cork. This is a refractory substance to work as every one knows who has been obliged by adversity to whittle a big cork down to the size of a small bottle neck. What, therefore, could be better adapted to developing the imagination of a youngster than to give him a handful of corks, a box of matches, a paper of pins, a spool of thread, and instructions to make miniatures of racing yachts? The present reviewer asked his small son to make first a model of the original *America* and then a model of *Enterprise*, restricting his activities in the experiment to hull form alone. But the boy is too young. When he had finished, *America* and *Enterprise*, so antipodeally different in actuality, looked like nothing more nor less than twin pieces of mutilated cork. There was also a mutilated thumb.

Nevertheless, the brief history of the classic *America's* Cup which connects the amusing illustrations and the sober instructions of this little volume is clearly told. At a time when the air still echoes to the latest defence of the trophy the book will be liked by readers of nautical bent.

ETIQUETTE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By MARY GRAHAM BONNER. McLaughlin. 1930. $1.

The advice in this naïve and innocent little book is to be taken as it were at second-hand, being offered not to the nursery direct, but to "mothers, governesses, and teachers," to be applied by them to the conduct of their charges. All of it is kind, some of it traditional—like the idea that a child's belief in Santa Claus makes for great happiness, or that "a little abuse toward the pavement or stone or other inanimate object that has caused the hurt will ease it considerably"—we always did think it eased it for the nurse. Some of it temporizes, as in "Don't make children kiss visitors if it can be avoided," or "If cereal is not a popular dish, allow it to be improved by brown sugar"; some is a counsel of perfection without the machinery by which it is to be applied, as "Evenings should be very peaceful and serene and happy and cosy and quiet," or "Don't allow your children to think difference in others is odd." Sometimes it clings to the obvious, as "Do not think your children are 'cute' because they crawl over the lap of some fellow traveler." None of the suggestions will seem startlingly new to most mothers, and advanced students of child psychology, too busy with observing young conduct to look out for young manners, may wonder what the book is for. But it is always sympathetic with children, and its recommendations though not without consideration for mothers, are elastic enough to leave breathing space for the ego.

Murder Will Out

By ROBERT INNES CENTER

EACH new book that comes from the pen of Anthony Gilbert shows a decided improvement. "The Mystery of the Open Window" (Dodd, Mead) was superior to his first two books, "The Murder of Mrs. Davenport" (Dial) and "Death at Four Corners" (Dial), and now his latest, "The Night of the Fog" (Dodd, Mead: $2.), is the best of all. It is a curious fact, however, that in each book he manages to violate one of the cardinal rules of good detective novels. To the meticulous detective story reader this violation will seem unfair and annoying. But it seems to me that the rest of the story is so well handled that Mr. Gilbert makes up for this one error.

The remote, bleak house of Jasper Hil-

(*Continued on page 379*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A. M. N., asks if any book lists the names of cities, towns, and villages in the United States in alphabetical arrangement as a matter of reference. "Every atlas I have seen," she says, "does not give the different cities and towns in alphabetical order, and a book that one could use in the same way that one uses a dictionary would save me much time in my work."

THE book in question is the work of your Uncle Sam, none other than the "U. S. Official Post Office Guide," brought up, at this writing, to the autumn of 1930, by supplements every month except in July. It costs a dollar, with the supplements fifty cents more, may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, and may be depended upon to furnish any amount of that curious entertainment you get from loading in chunks of information for which you have no sort of use. To be sure, this inquirer has a use for it, but what did it profit me to learn just now, as I did upon refreshing my mind with this volume, that there are no less than two Lambertons on our map, one in Minnesota and the other in Pennsylvania? Yet you would have thought someone had left me a legacy. True students and devotees of the P. O. Guide can tell you names of towns that you just wouldn't believe—and they will do so, too, if given half a chance. Even now I hasten on, lest temptation prove too strong for my space, and I begin to name settlements whose sponsors let themselves go.

H. W., Salina, Kansas, has been referred to me as "an authority on writers of historical fiction, ancient and modern," and desires me as such to let him know the relative merits of all historical novelists.

SOME one has the wrong idea about me. I couldn't write a book like "The Art and Practice of Historical Fiction," by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard, just published by Humphrey Toulmin at twelve-and-six, and the only way in which such a question could be properly answered is by such a book. Mr. Tresidder Sheppard's own novels are distinguished examples of this difficult art in its modern expression; I remember reading "Here Comes an Old Sailor" (Doubleday, Doran) straight through a long spell of bad weather that spoiled an ocean crossing for everyone else on board, and then prolonging the pleasure by finding every place mentioned in it, in the ship's atlas. His new book (he is also a distinguished antiquarian and archeologist) evaluates the historical work of a number of novelists of the past and present. Of these of the present I find the historical fiction of John Buchan especially trustworthy and stimulating, "Witch Wood" (Houghton Mifflin), for example; I trust the Romans, Greeks, and Gauls of Naomi Mitchison not only in her earlier volumes but in "Black Sparta" and "Barbarian Stories" (Harcourt, Brace); I believe in the background as well as the characters in the fiction of Carola Oman, whether she is writing of Richard III in "Crouchback" (Holt) or coming nearer home in "Miss Barrett's Elopement" (Holt)—but I prefer the latter because it gives human shape and vivacity to all I have read about the Brownings, being indeed as vivid as the Besier play.

If in some brighter sphere I should be set to write a historical novel I think I would not search out Sir Walter or Victor Hugo and ask his advice on how to set about it; I believe—having all Heaven at my disposal—I would see if William Shakespeare could be induced to divulge the secret of how he wrote his historical plays and then do my level best to use it in the composition of prose romances that could produce in the reader the same sort of thrill. Some of these plays I have been seeing in London lately—"Richard III" with Baliol Holliwell, "Henry IV" at the Old Vic—and as a result I have been plunging through others in print, breathless but happy.

The same inquirer asks where he may obtain photographs of William Stearns Davis and signed first editions of any of his works. Macmillan tells me that there were never any autographed editions of the works of Dr. Davis, who died last year, only personal inscribed copies to his friends; a photograph of Dr. Davis, however, will be sent to this inquirer or to anyone else who may write for it to Macmillan, 60 Fifth Avenue. While all the historical novels of Dr. Davis were reliable as to atmosphere and details, I retain the brightest memory of "The Beauty of the Purple" because it makes so clear a time seldom figuring in fiction, though crammed with human interest.

H. F. W., Wynnewood, Pa., saw a reference on this page to "The Magic Fishbone," by Charles Dickens, and set off at once to add to the joys of a Dickens fancier a work as yet undiscovered. But the librarians at the Library Company of Philadelphia and the Mercantile are, she thinks, beginning to believe that she dreamed it all; nobody can get on the track of such a book; was it perhaps a "Magic Wish-Bone," or what?

THERE really is a "Magic Fishbone" by the real Charles Dickens, to be obtained from Warne the publisher for one dollar and a half, and cheap at the price if, like me, you feel as if you were finding money when you turn up an unexpected bit that he contributed to some magazine or annual. I had, I am sure, a rise of temperature from sheer excitement when I found this summer, in the pocket edition of Dickens published by the Oxford University Press, a whole series new to me of portraits and vignettes on the order of "Sketches by Boz"—a work that in spite of being occasionally elbowed out of place by some other work soon slips back to its position at the center of my affection for this author's output. "The Magic Fishbone" is a fairy tale of a marvellous bone that made wishes come true if made at the proper time.

Though this has nothing to do with it, Warne publishes this year another little book that has given me solid pleasure: "A Roundabout Turn" a tale in verse by Robert Charles, which appeared in *Punch* with drawings by Leslie Brooke, and is now given to very young readers in book form. It is but the story of a toad who spent the day at a village fair in going round on the carrousel; you should see him wobbling home, groggy but glorious. It should not be forgotten that Christopher Robin made his first appearance in *Punch*.

C. B., on behalf of a group of young people, asks for suggestions for books on the study of the Old Testament: as literature, as history, and as religion.

"READING the Bible," by William Lyon Phelps (Macmillan), is as inspiring a little book as one is likely to find for a beginning, it is meant for anyone who does not realize what he is missing in not doing so. A short introductory work is L. W. Wilde's "Literary Guide to the Bible" (Doubleday, Doran), and the Beacon Press publishes a little book on "The Bible as Literature"; "How the Bible Grew," by C. R. D. Biggs, is one of the series on the Bible for schools published by the Oxford University Press; Part 1, "The Law," has illustrations of parallel sources. Lewis Browne's "The Graphic Bible" (Macmillan) is illustrated with the same sort of drawings that so distinguished his "This Believing World"; Bowker publishes a "Picture Map of the Holy Land" which I keep on my own wall; for students of the New Testament there is a large "Map of the Life of Christ," by Isabella Hunner (Day); both of these are in colors. All these are suitable for beginners. For older students the choice is very wide: I suggest S. R. Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament" (Scribner), M. J. Margolies's "Hebrew Scriptures in the Making" (Jewish Publishing Co.); "The Old Testament and After," by C. J. G. Montefiore (Macmillan), and "Dated Events of the Old Testament," by W. J. Beecher (Harper), with "The English Bible and Its Story," by J. Baikie (Lippincott).

H. M. H., Carrollton, Ga., asks for descriptive, illustrated books on Hampton Court and Eton College, and for fiction with scenes laid in these places.

BEING, as it were, on the spot, I laid out two shillings on the pamphlet "Overseas Visitors' Edition of 'Hampton Court Illustrated,'" a guide to the palace and gardens with many excellent photographs, compiled by Ernest Law from his historical works, and sent his work on. This is published by G. Bell, York House, Portugal St., London. Hilaire Belloc's "Wolsey" has been published within the month; Sterling-Taylor's "Cromwell" is published by Little, Brown. Pope's "Rape

(Continued on next page)

BOOKS TO BUY
BOOKS TO READ
BORZOI BOOKS
BOOKS TO KEEP
BEAR THIS LABEL

A LIFE OF
"THE INCOMPARABLE COSIMA"

COSIMA WAGNER

BY RICHARD COUNT DU MOULIN-ECKART

Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips
Introduction by ERNEST NEWMAN

One of the most important biographies of the year of which the *New York World* says, *"Throws a vivid light on Cosima's earliest days, the courtship of Franz Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult, Cosima's life with Hans von Bülow, the first traces of Wagner's domination over her mind, her growing association with Wagner . . . then the long period of hope, despair, suffering and finally triumph."* The *N. Y. Herald Tribune* says, *"The miracle is wrought before our dazzled eyes . . . of undeniable fascination, at least to those of us whom the Liszt-Wagner epic, with all that it touches, is vividly and engrossingly alive."* 2 volumes boxed (892pp.) Illustrated, with 22 half-tones, $10.00

at the better bookshops

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

THE NEW AMERICAN LITERATURE

By FRED LEWIS PATTEE

Author of "A History of American Literature Since 1870," etc.

A book of clearly marshaled facts and sound criticism, a literary history of our times—1890 to 1930—a readable story of present-day American writers and their work.

Spirited ▼ Informing ▼ Judicious

"Dr. Pattee includes everything, and wisely. He steers a reasonably straight course through the difficult contemporary waters."—North American Review.

"It is a voluminous, informing and spirited survey. The material is well assimilated, well arranged, and in the main reflected through judicious comment."
—Springfield Republican.

"Recommended for intelligent adults."—Columbus Citizen.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES—$3.50

THE CENTURY CO., 353 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

FRANCIS DANA

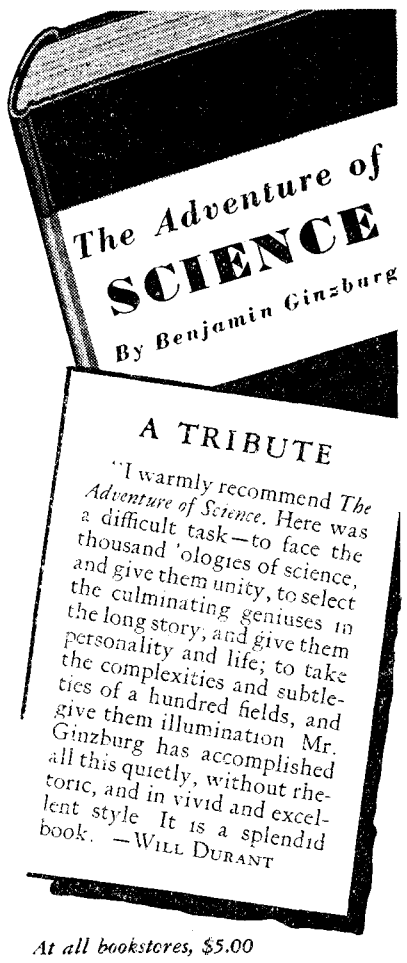
A PURITAN DIPLOMAT AT THE COURT OF CATHERINE THE GREAT

By
William Penn Cresson
Author of "Diplomatic Portraits"

DR. CRESSON, formerly Secretary of the American Embassy in Russia, has discovered in the unpublished Dana papers a veritable mine of forgotten diplomatic lore. Dana's long confidential correspondence with John Adams (largely published for the first time) enables us to share with him in a strange adventure wherein he was called upon to cross swords with some of the ablest diplomatists of Europe. It provides a bit of genuine treasure for the lovers of American biography. Illustrated with interesting contemporary prints. $5.00

LINCOLN MACVEAGH—THE DIAL PRESS—NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A TRIBUTE

"I warmly recommend *The Adventure of Science*. Here was a difficult task—to face the thousand 'ologies of science, and give them unity, to select the culminating geniuses in the long story, and give them personality and life; to take the complexities and subtleties of a hundred fields, and give them illumination. Mr. Ginzburg has accomplished all this quietly, without rhetoric, and in vivid and excellent style. It is a splendid book. —WILL DURANT

At all bookstores, $5.00

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER · *Publishers*

THAT MAN DAWES

By Paul R. Leach

The intimate, brilliantly written life-story of America's most colorful statesman, by a well known political writer, uniting a vivid study, sparkling with anecdote, of Dawes himself, with a clearly outlined, sweeping background of modern governmental affairs. 15 illustrations.

$4.00

Reilly & Lee — Publishers — Chicago

YALE

CONWAY LETTERS
Edited by Marjorie Nicolson

Newton, Descartes, William Harvey, Henry More, and Anne, Viscountess Conway, and others have left in this correspondence the finest record extant of seventeenth century life and thought. The letters are dated from 1642 to 1684. *$6.00*

SURVEY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1930
Edited by Charles P. Howland

An impartial and masterly analysis of Pacific Relations, World Order and Co-ordination, and Post-War Financial Relations. The third volume in the annual series of the Council on Foreign Relations. *$5.00*

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

The Readers' Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of the Lock" took place in Hampton Court, and the mother of the person whom Pet Meagles married (in "Little Dorrit") lived genteelly as a pensioner there. An early novel by Ford Madox Hueffer, as his name was then, takes place there; "The Privy Seal" (1907), which, with its sequel, "The Fifth Queen Crowned," concerns Catharine Howard from her coronation to her execution. Maurice Hervey's "Amyas Egerton," a once-popular romance, takes place here, and "Austin Elliott," by Henry Kingsley who wrote "Ravenshoe," includes Eton. The novel for that district, however, is the long-winded but long-lasting "Windsor Castle" of William Harrison Ainsworth (Dutton); for other books one has a rather restricted choice among Percy Lubbock's "Shades of Eton" (Scribner), "Eton Fables" and "More Eton Fables," by C. A. Alington (Longmans, Green), and "The Eton Poetry Book" which he edited (Macmillan). Any guide book for the London district includes Hampton Court and any for England gives plenty of attention to Eton.

SEVERAL readers have reported on Gottfried Keler in translation: W. J. H., Gary, Indiana, says that "Selwylda Folks" was published in English by Brentano in 1929, adding "Why, oh why, should this have gone O.P.?" and J. M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y., praises the "charming translation by Wolf von Schierbrand" in the Brentano edition. The Monterey County Free Library of Salinas, California, tells me that Dent has listed in the Cumulative Book Index for June, 1930, Keller's "People of Selwylda; Tales and Legends Translated with an Introduction by M. D. Hottinger."

A. *R. Williams, Rochester, N. Y.*, asks where to get a copy of the first volume of the Simon report, for which he has vainly asked at bookstores and libraries. This could be done by sending three shillings (75 cents) for either of the parts to H. M. Stationery Office, London; the first volume is the survey, the second the recommendations. As the Simon report has been so widely reviewed in the United States, no doubt it will get into the shops in time, though it will scarcely be the best-seller that it is in London. Coward-McCann publishes Sir John Simon's "India and the Simon Report" over here.

J. and E. Bumpus of Oxford Street, the booksellers, have sent me a list of books for the enthusiast on Sir Henry Morgan, and here it is for the encouragement of like enthusiasts: The list begins with the best one, A. O. Exquemelin's "Buccaneers of America, wherein are contained more specially the unparalleled exploits of Sir H. Morgan," 1684. "The Voyages of B. Sharp and Others in the South Sea (The True Relation of Sir H. Morgan's expedition against the Spaniards in the West Indies and his Taking of Panama," about 1686. "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer," by the author of "Rattlin' the Reefer" (i. e., Hon. E. G. C. Howard), 3 volumes, 1842. Later edition 1857. "A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates," by Captain Charles Johnson, with preface by Dr. Philip Gosse, 2 volumes.

PLEASE, will the anonymous friend of the Guide in San José, California, who lands a great box of candy bang on the date of my birthday every year from some four thousand miles away, send me her name and house address? I had it long ago, but it has been mislaid, and Mr. Mole—to whom a greeting card was addressed—desires to express his gratitude along with mine. I would not crow, of course, over the members of the *S. R.* organization at present in New York, but do they, I ask them, get rich gifts twice in the same month from California? the other being a floral greeting from L. R., Pasadena.

PROFESSOR Benjamin M. Woodbridge of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, further reinforces the Burlador book-list:

"Your bibliography of Don Juan material in the *Review* of August 23 is so good that I feel impelled to add a mite. The most complete study I know on the subject is George Gendarme de Bévotte's "La Légende de Don Juan, Son Evolutions dans la Littérature des Origines au Romantisme," published by Hachette, Paris, 1906. If your correspondent insists on English only, he may consult Samuel M. Waxman's study in *The Journal of American Folklore* for April-September, 1908. Both works are provided with a bibliography. And as you say, "there is life in the old boy yet." The latest play I know is Michel de Ghelderode's "Don Juan: Drama-farce pour le Music-hall," published at Brussels in 1928 by La Renaissance d'Occident.

The Compleat Collector.

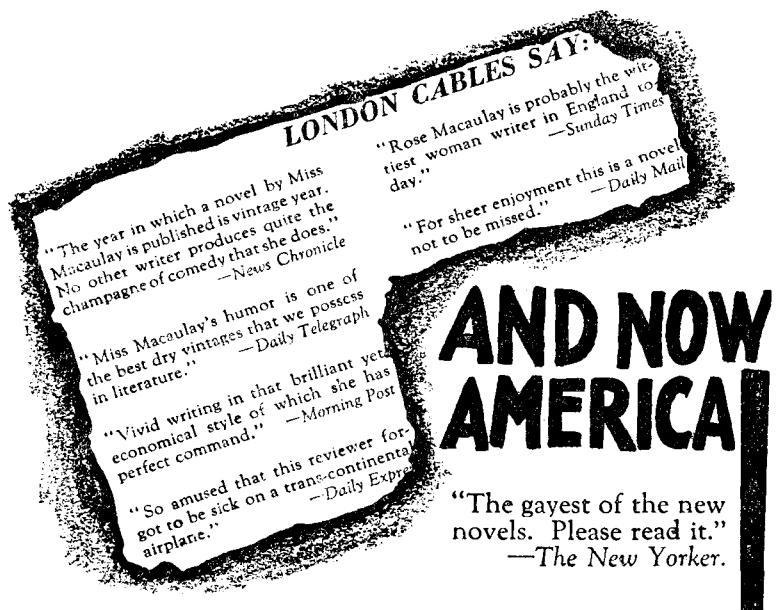
RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

Conducted by Carl Purington Rollins & Gilbert M. Troxell.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

A STUDY OF RARE BOOKS, with Special Reference to Colophons, Press Devices, and Title-pages. By NOLIE MUMEY. Denver: Clason Publishing Company. 1930. $15.

IT is unfortunate that the title of this book should imply so much more than the author has given; that the phrase, "a study of rare books," should mean in itself something a little less obvious than a list of titles, commencing with the Old Testament and ending with Miss Cather's "My Antonia" with a note on the author's life and a reproduction of a selected title-page. A few years ago, Mr. Charles J. Sawyer and Mr. F. J. H. Darton published a most comprehensive study for the field of English literature, "English Books, 1475-1900," in which they explained clearly and intelligently why certain books were rare, and others fairly common; it was not their purpose to make a bibliography, but to present information as easily and as carefully as they could. Their success was the inevitable result of their pains. With the enthusiasm of youth Dr. Mumey has proposed to construct a kind of encyclopedia for book-collectors: Part I of his work is devoted to Early Printed Books; Horn Books; Incunabula; Early English Bibles; Medical Books (in several languages); English Literature ("The choice of titles has been determined to a large extent by the prominence they have attained in the book-trade, and in literary circles," which apparently is the reason for excluding Trollope, Meredith, and Thomas Hardy); Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam; Colonial Literature; Later American Literature; Identification of Modern American First Editions (Mr. H. S. Boutell brought out a book on the same subject two years ago). Part II has three sections—Some Important Book Makers; Colophons; Press Devices. Part III, headed "Aids to Identification," has six—Chronology; printers' Mottoes; Latinized Place-Names (an excellent inclusion for which many will be grateful); Book Terminology; Bibliography, and Index. Nothing quite so inclusive has ever been attempted before—it might have been wiser to have been less ambitious. The work as a whole is not a study of rare books for the reason that the books themselves are not studied; there is an immense amount of information regarding the subject in general, but it is not sufficient to reproduce title-pages, give occasional "points," and add biographical notes ("Shelley is known as the inventor of lyric harmonies") for the selected titles. It would, for example, be interesting to find out why, of all Shakespeare's plays, "Julius Cæsar" and "Macbeth" were chosen as examples of rarity; if the 1603 "Hamlet" is common, neither Miss Bartlett nor Mr. Pollard was aware of the fact when they were working on their "Census." Nor does it seem especially relevant to the study of "Jane Eyre" to be told that, in addition to Charlotte Brontë, "two other members of the Brontë family were writers: Emily Brontë, whose pen-name was 'Ellis Bell' (1818-1848), and Anne Brontë, whose pen-name was 'Acton Bell' (1820-1849)." And it might be pointed out that there are rarer novels of George Eliot than "Adam Bede" and "Felix Holt." It is a great pity that


LONDON CABLES SAY:
"The year in which a novel by Miss Macaulay is published is vintage year. No other writer produces quite the champagne of comedy that she does." —News Chronicle
"Rose Macaulay is probably the wittiest woman writer in England today." —Sunday Times
"For sheer enjoyment this is a novel not to be missed." —Daily Mail
"Miss Macaulay's humor is one of the best dry vintages that we possess in literature." —Daily Telegraph
"Vivid writing in that brilliant yet economical style of which she has perfect command." —Morning Post
"So amused that this reviewer forgot to be sick on a trans-continental airplane." —Daily Express
AND NOW AMERICA
"The gayest of the new novels. Please read it." —The New Yorker.

STAYING with RELATIONS

BY ROSE MACAULAY

"The tragedy of a love relationship, and the astonishing picaresque chapters of the novel, which carry it to a most original climax, must be left for readers to discover. And many, many, many readers, I hope, will. The mockery and the ironical wit which have made her easily one of the most deft of writers are present in all their sharp glory in this volume."
—*William Soskin, New York Evening Post.*

"A mad, witty and dashing performance—Miss Macaulay's story runs swimmingly and gaily. She manages to be witty—not occasionally, but in every sentence."—*The New Yorker.* *3rd printing* $2.50

Other books by Rose Macaulay: *Potterism, Dangerous Ages, Told by an Idiot, Orphan Island, Daisy and Daphne.*

HORACE LIVERIGHT NY GOOD BOOKS

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD UNITY

Interpreting the Seven Revolutions Which Will Transform Human Life

The scientific view of this "world unrest" resolves it from a vague concept to a sevenfold revolutionary movement—*political, industrial, financial, scientific, religious, social* and *psychological.*

World Unity Magazine, founded on this scientific view, endeavors to interpret the different aspects of the world revolution through articles prepared by leading scholars in the United States, Europe and the East.

No periodical in the English language is rendering this vital service to general readers striving to grasp the larger forces which produced the World War, the World Depression, and the Educational Revolution now under way.

Write for free booklet describing editorial policies and plans, or take advantage of the Introductory Subscription—four monthly issues for $1.00.

Yearly Subscription, $3.50; to Libraries, $2.50. Sample copy, 25c.

WORLD UNITY MAGAZINE
4 East 12th Street, New York

John Herman Randall, *Editor*
Horace Holley, *Managing Editor*

RACKHAM & DULAC

DE LUXE, LARGE-PAPER & EARLY FIRST EDITIONS

Write for List
R. FLETCHER, LTD.
23 New Oxford Street
LONDON, W. C. 1, ENGLAND

the material of genuine interest could not have been put by itself in a smaller volume and published separately; it would have made a far more interesting and valuable addition to the collector's working library.

G. M. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. November 19-20: Selections from the libraries of the late George Merryweather, of Prairie View, Illinois; H. R. Phillips,, and others. The sale includes: First editions of Borrow, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, including his poems "Endymion" and "Lamia"; Lamb, Lever, Longfellow, Lowell, Shelley, and others. The highest point of interest in the sale is the Jefferson group, important historical letters in which are the property of Mrs. Raleigh Minor, of University, Va., while Jefferson's manuscript specifications for building the University of Virginia are the property of Dr. W. M. Randolph, of Charlottesville, Va.

Considered the most important Jefferson letter is the one to be sold, which is dated Philadelphia, July 1, 1776, and in which Jefferson writes to William Fleming, then a Member of the Committee on Independence of the Virginia Convention, and later a Member of the Continental Congress, of drafting the Declaration of Independence, of the conspiracy against Washington in New York, and describing the disastrous retreat of the American army in Canada. Every paragraph alludes to vital events of the Revolution and particularly to the period of July 4, 1776.

There is also a secret historical letter on international affairs, so frank in its expression of opinion that Jefferson left it unsigned. The letter, also to William Fleming, ends, "I put no name to this letter, because letters have miscarried, & if it goes safely you know the hand."

Jefferson's manuscript of twenty-six pages, being the specifications for the erection of the University of Virginia, which embody Jefferson's pen-and-ink drawings and appear to have been carried and used by Jefferson during the entire period of the work of construction, and his letters disclosing that his matrimonial plans went awry, because the young lady he planned to marry married someone else, are likewise included.

An unrecorded and hitherto unknown Boston Massacre print; a complete first edition of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" with a fine autograph letter by T. E. Lawrence relating to its production, together with other material, London, 1926; and another T. E. Lawrence item, "The Original Initials of 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom,'" are also features of the collection, which comprises a good group of Caxton, Grolier, and Kelmscott publications, including a Kelmscott Chaucer, and important miniatures of the Persian and Indian (Pahari Mughal) schools.

A copy of the second folio Shakespeare, printed in 1632, has been sold in London for £400.

It is said that when Shaw was a contributor to the *Scots Observer* which Henley edited, Henley would "write passages of abuse of Wagner into Shaw's articles," though he knew very well that his contributor was an admirer of Wagner.

BY EDWARD D. SNYDER

HYPNOTIC POETRY

Why does *Gray's Elegy* cast a spell over you?

Is there a technique of poetry which is literally trance-inducing?

These speculations form the basis of one of the most provocative and original contributions to recent poetics.

"An excellent little book," says CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. *Foreword by* JAMES H. LEUBA.

$2.00

Send for descriptive circular

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS: PHILADELPHIA

The Farmington Bookshop

FARMINGTON, CONN.

FIRST EDITIONS RARE BOOKS

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

ARCHAEOLOGY

ARCHAEOLOGY: The modern method of unearthing ancient Bible sites, copiously illustrated from actual results. Order now "Beth Shemesh," $3, prepaid and postpaid. Dr. Elihu Grant, Haverford College, Pennsylvania.

BARGAIN OFFERS

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS BOOKS; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientèle. Catalogue on request. The Falstaff Press, Dept. S, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FAUST BOOK SERVICE "Library Builders," 221 Fourth Avenue, New York, offers bargains! Thirteen Questions of Love, Boccaccio ($8.50) $6.00; Well of Loneliness, complete, $2.00; Seacoast of Bohemia. Morley, first edition, $1.50. Write for our bargain catalogues.

CALIFORNIA AND OTHER WESTERN State Book Collectors, write for lists of First, Limited Editions and Unusually Illustrated volumes at remarkable reductions. Book Service, 1719 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, California.

20% DISCOUNT; ANY BOOK published. Book Bazaar, 1743 47th Street, Brooklyn.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES. List free. Salisbury's, 78 East 10th Street, New York.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOKBINDING and Casemaking for First Editions or Autographs, Exclusive Best Imported Materials, Restoration and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., 240 West 23rd Street, New York City.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 to $5 per hundred. Send 10 cents for sample. Frank B. Bittner, 251 High Street, Nutley, N. J.

BOOKS FOR WRITERS

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUES of the Writer's Library, sample copy of The Writer's Monthly and particulars of Dr. Essenwein's famous forty-lesson course in Short-Story Writing free; write to-day. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 88, Springfield, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS

THE DIMITY SWEETHEART (O. Henry's Own Love Story) by Frances Goggin Maltby. Limited and first edition of 855 copies, bound in real dimity, each numbered. An elegant, choice book. Exceptional typography and binding. Price $6.50. The Dietz Press, 109 Cary Street, Richmond, Virginia.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 546 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, will send on request a list of first editions at somewhat reduced prices and a new catalogue of rare 19th and 20th century books in fine condition.

FIRST EDITIONS: A WIDE and varied assortment of first editions of the better known books in the entire range of American literature. Catalogue on request. FULLERTON & SON, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS AND RARE BOOKS. Catalogues issued. Write us for books wanted. We specialize in American Firsts. Pegasus Book Shop, 31 East 60th Street, New York City.

ROY V. SOWERS, formerly of Huntington Library, announces Second Catalogue: Modern First Editions, Fine Illustrated Books. 1005 East Green, Pasadena, California.

CATALOGUES FREE. First editions, rare books, fine sets, Americana, miscellaneous. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, near 10th Street.

CATALOGUES OF FIRST EDITIONS issued regularly and mailed on request. Ye Bibliophile, Chappaqua, New York.

FOREIGN BOOKS

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Spanish Books, Christmas cards and Calendars. Catalogues. Schoenhof's 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOKS. OF ALL FRENCH publishers, all unusual, out-of-the-way and rare French Books. All French Art Books, lowest prices. Mail orders, information promptly. Catalogue 20 cents (stamps). THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue at 56th. "New York's largest French Bookshop. Over 500,000 French Books in stock."

THE UNITED FRENCH PUBLISHERS, specially organized for the benefit of Libraries, Universities, Public Institutions and Collectors. All French books direct from France. No stock. Strictly mail orders. Full bibliographical information and complete catalogues upon request, and production of credentials. 1819 Broadway, Tel. Columbus 1551.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogues 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

ODD CURIOS, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Bookshop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

YOUR COAT OF ARMS correctly and handsomely executed in water color. Authentic work guaranteed. William Stanley Hall, 132 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITE FOR OUR LIST OF PRESS BOOKS, including all of the famous modern Presses. GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC., 336 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

STANDARD AUTHORS IN FINE bindings, Art Books, Extra Illustrated items, and other choice examples always for sale by Isaac Mendoza Book Company, 15 Ann Street, New York.

SELLING COLLECTION Modern Firsts. Lists. R. Mark, 510 Keith Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS ANALIZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Helpful text-books. Catalogue. James Knapp Reeve and Agnes M. Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY agent, Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City.

STORY IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, talking pictures, magazines. Accepted any form for revision, development, copyright, and submission to markets. Established 1917. Free booklet gives full particulars. Universal Scenario Company, 411 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, Calif.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections. Publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT Books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RARE BOOKS

BOOKLOVERS' "LOST MINE" FOUND. The first time a Booklover descends our basement stairs, he exclaims: "I didn't know such a place existed. I thought that such Bookshops disappeared twenty years ago."

As you walk past our store, Number 66 Fifth Avenue (between 12th and 13th Streets) you will find yourself literally treading over what someone has described as "the most exciting Bookshop in America." Step in, walk down a few stairs, and you will observe the largest and best-selected stock of Rare and Out-of-Print Books in New York or in America. Here are complete departments devoted to Autographs, Americana, American and English First Editions, Standard Sets in Fine Bindings, Famous Classics Bound by Great English Binders, Arts and Crafts, Philosophy, Anthropology, Natural History, Travel and Literature.

Browsing at your leisure, you will note yourself in good company. In one corner stands a well-known Author, in another a much-read Historian, an Artist in the third, or on the top-rung of a ladder, a famous Arctic Explorer, perusing a work on the South Seas. They drop in from everywhere. No corner of this country is too distant to bring them to us. For here are to be found such books whose Authors have added to the total of human and intellectual experience, or to a history of civilization.

We offer something new every day. Not a week passes without an addition of hundreds of thousands of books to our large stock. The best part of it all (we assure you), is that we haven't a high-pressure salesman on our force. Our one byword is to offer you the assured "Freedom of the Store," with intelligent assistance from specialists in every department. Send for our current catalogues No. 69, Art Books; No. 70, Americana; No. 71, Sets; No. 72, Miscellaneous Books; No. 73. Natural History; No. 75, Literature and First Editions; No. 76, Americana. Dauber & Pine, 66 Fifth Avenue, near 12th Street, New York City.

RARE BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS for sale. Interesting catalogue free. Atkinson, 188 Packham Rye, London, England.

WINTER RESORT

A FEW GUESTS DESIRED. Delightful home. Reasonable rates. Box 10, Valhalla P. O., Tryon, North Carolina.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING RATES for this classified page are as follows: for twenty consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 7 cents a word; for any less number of insertion 10 cents a word. The forms close on Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department GH, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York, or telephone BRY ant 0896.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers*, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York

Vindicated!
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, *author of* CASANOVA'S HOMECOMING

Casanova is home.

Now that the most famous of *The Inner Sanctum Novels* has been cleared by the courts, and *Casanova's Homecoming* is again triumphantly available, your correspondents are celebrating by catching up on their reading—not as editors and publishers, but, believe it or not, as book-buying, book-collecting, book-loving human beings.

In *The Innermost Sanctum* a noble fire is blazing [those *Casanova* search-warrants and complaints of The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice add an exhilarating crackle], the gentle peal of subdued and distant music blends magnificently with the howl of a November gale across the Sound, and the evening is set aside for Books That Cannot Be Denied.

This week's Preferred List, which *The Inner Sanctum* is overjoyed to salute here at the rate of $12.85 an inch, include:

The Sins of New York, by ED. VAN EVERY [*Stokes*]
The Treasurer's Report, by ROBERT C. BENCHLEY [*Harper's*]
Variety [PAUL VALERY'S [*Harcourt*] as well as SIME SILVERMAN'S]
Angel Pavement, by J. B. PRIESTLEY [*Harper's*]
A Short History of the World, by H. G. WELLS [*Heinemann*]

If your correspondents may be so bold as to mention a few of their own publications, this is a good time to record the Glad Tidings that *Bring 'Em Back Alive* by FRANK BUCK and EDWARD ANTHONY has been listed as a best-seller in New York, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and Cleveland . . . that *In Defence of Sensuality* by JOHN COWPER POWYS has been similarly ranked in New York, Detroit, Hartford, and Cleveland . . . and that *The Psychology of Achievement* by WALTER B. PITKIN is Making The Grade in Detroit, Cleveland and St. Louis. . . .

Indiscreet Memorabilia from A Publisher's Note-Book: the two best-reviewed books on *The Inner Sanctum's* current list are *The End of the World* by GEOFFREY DENNIS and *The Earth Told Me* by THAMES WILLIAMSON. . . . They appear on *no* best-seller lists. Unless you and YOU and YOU stampede your bookstores immediately [*and why not?*] these two glorious and soul-stirring works will be destined to join *Verdi, A Novel of the Opera* on *The Inner Sanctum's* honor-roll of Noble Worst Sellers. . . . Among *The Inner Sanctum* authors who are Long Overdue on the delivery of their new manuscripts are DEEMS TAYLOR [*The Story of Music*] . . . GEORGE GERSHWIN [*A Book of Songs*] . . . ROBERT LEROY RIPLEY [*The Second Believe It or Not*]. . . . Did *The Inner Sanctum* Do Wrong in rejecting the best-selling book of the year, *The Strange Death of President Harding?* . . . Wonder if any British publisher will be brave enough to bring out WILL DURANT'S new book, *The Case for India* . . . SINCLAIR LEWIS, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, served his apprenticeship as a blurb-writer for FREDERICK A. STOKES and GEORGE H. DORAN. . . . Just finished plowing through eighty-nine manuscripts and reports, and discovered a horde of new material for Professor WALTER B. PITKIN'S gargantuan best-seller of 1931, *A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity*.

ESSANDESS

Argus Books has just published a de luxe limited edition of an entirely new and unabridged translation of Suetonius' LIVES OF THE TWELVE CAESARS. It has sixteen superb full page engravings as well as many other illustrations, by Frank C. Pape. Price: $15.00.
There is also a special edition of 300 copies, autographed by the artist, at $20.00.
A descriptive circular on request from your bookseller or from

ARGUS BOOKS
333 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

THE PHOENIX NEST

THE balloon cloth covers of the Modern Library books contain with difficulty some of their more recent volumes. *Merejkovski's* "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci" started it some time ago. But "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Swann's Way" (two volumes in one) outdid it very much in size. The recent "Don Quixote" unabridged, *Maugham's* "Of Human Bondage," and *Goethe's* "Faust" proved no less the pride of the force. For November there's *Aldous Huxley's* "Point Counter Point," which will be followed by "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Tom Jones," all mastodons. Modern Library collectors are certainly getting their full ninety-five cents worth on every volume! We could compile a hefty football team from the titles, we believe,—at least we could begin with Leonardo da Vinci for Quarter, one of the Karamazovs on each End,—and Tom Jones would certainly be an All-Literature tackle. That boy would tackle anything! . . .

V. F. Calverton, editor of *The Book League Monthly*, was recently made the American Editor of the new French revue, *France-Europe*. The magazine is brought out by the Union Internationale des Ecrivains Democrates, and will have such giants as *Rolland*, *Schnitzler*, and *Heinrich Mann* for contributors. . . .

Those who are devotees of the inimitable small novels of *Robert Nathan*, who holds a unique domain in modern American letters, may not know of his gift for drawing. He can create richly humorous little pictures with a few lines. He has frequently scribbled such things for his friends on letters. Now he has actually illustrated a book, *Dorothy Mayer's* juvenile, "Tina Mina," published by Houghton Mifflin, and the thumbnail embellishments he has supplied for this diminutive story are perfect accompaniments to the text. . . .

One quarter of all the books sold in England last year, the *New Yorker* has told us, were produced by *Edgar Wallace!* The man seems to be a regular factory. And with his lurid imagination going all the time one would think he lived in a perpetual nightmare. Instead of which he seems to be a healthy and solid Briton without a sign of any sort of neurosis about him. . . .

Rose Macaulay is said to be the only living author who has never written about herself, even disguisedly. She, they say, has never used in fiction any of her own important experiences. . . .

We wonder if we have ever referred to one of the queerest books of our time, a book without a title that appeared late in September. It was by a poet, *E. E. Cummings*, and was designated in the catalogue of the publisher, Covici-Friede, as simply the "—" book. The text is a peculiar mélange of satirical nonsense, decorated by eight of Cummings's drawings. The drawings also are fantastic. It seems to be a spoof at modern advertising. The edition was limited to four hundred and ninety-one copies and was designed by *Samuel Jacobs* of the Stratford Press. This is one of the curiosities of our literature, and incidentally it is weirdly amusing. . . .

The Lotus Press, 13336 Livernois Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, has announced "This Midland City," by *William Ellery Leonard*, the distinguished poet of "Two Lives." Most of the poems in "This Midland City" were suppressed by Mr. Leonard from his recently collected verse. One hundred and fifty-three copies of the book have been printed for subscribers only, autographed and numbered by the author. The volume is never to be reprinted in any form. The type has been distributed, binding and title plates destroyed. The price is five dollars. . . .

The daughter of a distinguished Irish poet, *Katharine Tynan*, has written a novel of the Brittany of great châteaux and ancient families. She is *Pamela Hinkson*, and her novel is "Wind from the West," published by Macmillan. The hero of her story is a New Englander, a certain Peter Quincy of Massachusetts. . . .

Brewer & Warren have announced that *Rockwell Kent's* "N by E," originally scheduled by them for publication on December 8th, has been set forward to December 1st. Random House is publishing the limited edition of this book on November 15th. . . .

We were rather startled to run across the following statement in a recent advertisement of *The Parents' Magazine:*

> A shad with a roe brings a higher price than a shad without a roe. By the same token, among the readers of women's magazines, young women who have children are worth more than readers without children.

La, what will they think of next! . . .

We never knew before that *Stanley Vestal*, who wrote "Fandango" and "Kit Carson," was really Professor *Walter S. Campbell* of the University of Oklahoma. We found it out from the Guggenheim Foundation bulletin, because he has got a fellowship for 1931 to make a study of the Plains Indians, their foes, allies, and neighbors along the Canadian boundary, and to write a biography of the famous Indian leader *Sitting Bull*. . . .

We mislaid a note we received from *Nina Jay Dusenberry* which came to us the end of September. But it's just as good today. In it she remarked:

> After returning to this prohibition country several weeks ago from the cool, green waters of the Fire Island Inlet, I received a letter from Bordeaux, bearing the latest government cancellation, which reads:
> "BUVEZ LE VIN DE BORDEAUX TONIQUE ET RECONSTITUANT!"

Captain *David Bone's* daughter, *Frieda*, has illustrated with woodcuts a little book of sea chanties, done in Great Britain by the Porpoise Press and entitled "Capstan Bars." An eminent American writer has, by the way, suggested that a good title for the High Seas Book Shop that graces Captain Bone's ship, the *Transylvania*, of the Anchor Line, would be "Parnassus on Keels." . . .

Russell Crouse, well-known columnist of the New York *Evening Post*, is one of the most versatile men we know in this city. He was even an actor in "Gentlemen of the Press," which appeared here not so long ago. He was lucky, too. He got something to eat and drink in his act! Now he is responsible for a Doubleday, Doran book, "Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives: A Note on Their Lives and Times." And while signing three hundred copies of the limited edition he has also been putting the finishing touches on a musical comedy, "The Gang's All Here," on which he is collaborating. It's in rehearsal now. . . .

Stokes announces that the third volume of the trilogy planned by *Alfred Noyes*, the English poet, on the pioneers of science, will soon appear. Its title is "The Last Voyage," and it deals with the men who have made modern surgery and therapy what it is. The former volumes dealt, "Watchers of the Sky" with the great astronomers, and "The Book of Earth" with scientists from *Pythagoras* to *Darwin* and *Huxley* who strove to decipher the mystery of the rocks. . . .

And again we are jolted,—by the following announcement from a night-club just opening. Indeed, the rhetoric is so remarkable that we simply must give you a sample:

> Come to my opening, and behold the lifting of the lid from my Pandora-box of surprises! The savage uncensored dances of the jungles of Africa! The titillating tintinambulating secret excitations of the Congo and flesh-shuddering, goose-creeping delicious horrors of the Grand Guignol! Continental bizarrerie as will be cayenne to the jaded mental tongue, and pep up stomachs leathered on syntheticism and minds impotentized by banality.

We have heard nothing to beat that since the old days of the barkers before the circus sideshows. But we are afraid we shan't attend. It makes us too terrified. . . .

No, probably we'll only sit at home and read "Babe Gordon," by *Mae West*, hot off the bat from the Macaulay Company. . . .

Only we won't do that either. What we are really going to take home with us is "The Third *New Yorker* Album" (Doubleday, Doran). We can see all the night-club scenes we want to in those delectable pages. . . .

Hoping you may have the same:

THE PHŒNICIAN.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS New York

JUST OUT
UNIVERSITIES
American, English, German
By ABRAHAM FLEXNER
This book, based on first-hand information, while thoroughly constructive, contains frank and severe criticism of many prominent American Universities.
Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club $3.50

RECENT BOOKS
A MINIATURE HISTORY OF ART
By R. H. WILENSKI
With a Chapter on American Art
By EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL
". . . charmingly written and at ease with the wide material . . . provocative, suggestive of interesting problems."—*Michigan Daily.*
$2.00

SPEECH AND MOVEMENT ON THE STAGE
By KATE EMIL-BEHNKE
An indispensable book for Little Theatre groups. The author shows how by scientific voice and body training many drawbacks that have hitherto been thought insuperable can be overcome.
$3.00

BACH: THE HISTORICAL APPROACH
By C. SANFORD TERRY
A collection of fascinating little studies by the well-known Bach authority $2.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Camera portrait by Sherril Schell ©

In Defence
OF
Sensuality
BY
JOHN COWPER POWYS
just published
BY
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
$3.00

BOOKS for the COLLECTOR
Rare Books, First Editions, Sets of Authors; and books on art, china, and everything else worth collecting. 2,000,000 Vols. in stock on all subjects. Catalogues free (30 issued). Outline requirements and interests. Books sent on approval.
FOYLES, Charing Cross Rd., London, Eng.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Original . . . Witty

THE FARAWAY BRIDE

by Stella Benson

"An accurate modernization of the Book of Tobit," the author calls this unusual novel of a Russian peasant family's exile in China. In her own witty, original version she has elaborated what she calls "A Chinese edition of the Angel Raphael."

Harpers
$2.50

A YACHT IN MEDITERRANEAN SEAS

by
ISABEL ANDERSON
(*Mrs. Larz Anderson*)

The story of a 4000 mile cruise of a private yacht in the Near-Eastern arms of the Mediterranean: lavishly illustrated from unusual photographs; with jacket, frontispiece and end-papers in colors.
"Its subject matter has a magic that few readers could resist."—Boston Evening Transcript.
"One of the most interesting of all the travel books Mrs. Anderson has written."—Boston Globe.

At all bookstores
$4.00

Marshall Jones Co., Inc.,
212 Summer St., Boston

GOOD MEDICINE
The Illustrated Letters of
CHARLES M. RUSSELL

Written and illustrated with water color sketches by the famous western artist. 160 pages in intagiio offset; including 16 in seven colors, 48 in four colors. Foreword by Will Rogers. *A genuine collector's item.* Limited to 1,000 copies at $25 each.

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
Garden City, N. Y.

"I hope to see FUNDAY *in every nursery."—WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER.*

FUNDAY
by ILO ORLEANS

The most charming book for little children published in a decade

368 original verses and pictures—set up as a diary; reproduced as the author prepared it for the amusement of his own children. De Luxe format; beautifully, stoutly bound.

$3 at all leading booksellers or at the publishers.

MARTIN & CO., Publishers

MOSS & KAMIN, Inc., Distributors

23 Lexington Ave., New York

COMING!

The following articles are soon to be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW:

FROUDE—By Lytton Strachey

THE GENTEEL TRADITION AT BAY—By George Santayana

THE WORLD OF HENRY JAMES—By Desmond MacCarthy

Why not start a gift subscription for a friend of yours. Send $3.50 for a year's subscription to:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th St., New York City

Murder Will Out

(*Continued from page 374*)

ton, with its melancholy atmosphere, is a perfect setting for the murder of its owner, a murder the mystery of which Thornton Peile, ex-Secret Service official, attempts to fathom. He succeeds to some extent but it is Scott Egerton, M.P., who finally furnishes the finishing touches and provides two breath-taking surprises at the end. If you can overlook one serious error, by all means don't miss this book.

There have been murders committed on bridges, in airplanes, in theaters, and almost every other conceivable place, but never before has one been committed in a vicarage. Trust Agatha Christie to find a brand new place. Any book by Agatha Christie attracts attention but when she really hits her stride in a full length detective story, as she does in "The Murder at the Vicarage" (Dodd, Mead: $2), she is hard to surpass. Although the admirers of Hercule Poirot, Mrs. Christie's well known detective, may regret that he does not appear in this story, I assure them that the author provides a really unique detective who shrewdly gathers together the clues and provides the final missing links by using, intelligently, an extremely agile brain. The ending is a knock-out and will give any reader a jolt. Without a doubt this is the best detective story Agatha Christie has written since "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd."

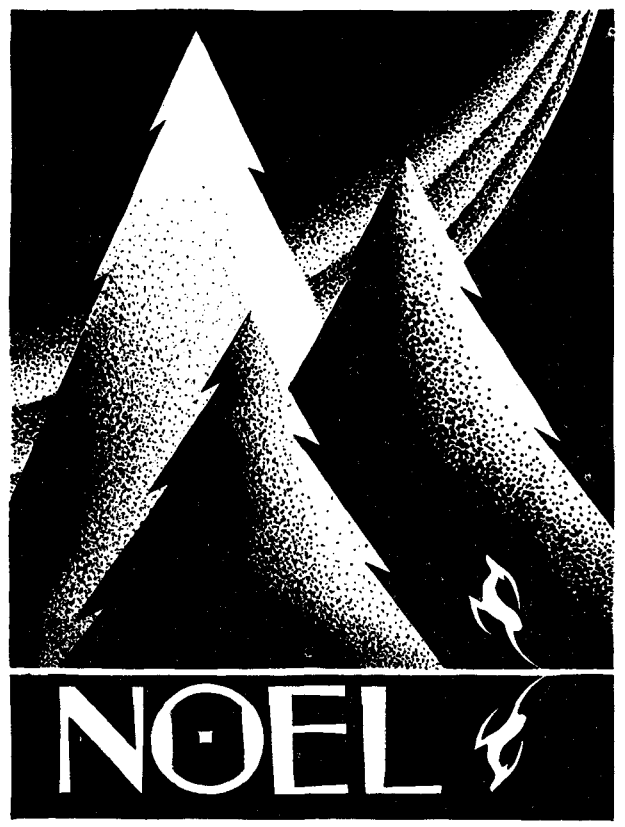
It must be admitted, that at least to this reviewer, the primary interest in "The Mystery of the Folded Paper," by Hulbert Footner (Harper: $2), is the novelty of having the actual clue—the folded paper—enclosed under the usual Harper seal. The secrets of Christopher Morley's famous Three-Hours-for-Lunch Club and what happened behind the scenes and at rehearsals at the Old Rialto Theater in Hoboken are revealed, but, unfortunately, Christopher Morley appears only a few times in the story and has nothing to do with the actual solving of this murder puzzle. With such a unique idea as the folded paper to start with it is sad to report that the author does not make the most of his opportunity. Hackneyed incidents abound and the author even uses a shop-worn fairy tale in the solution of his plot.

"Is No One Innocent?" (Cosmopolitan: $1.50), by Milton Gropper, contains swift, moving, and revealing dialogue. This was to be expected because the author is a well known playwright. Seven persons are suspected of the crime and all confess to the murder. Thus the usual problem is reversed and Inspector Kennedy has to ascertain who is innocent instead of who is guilty. The situations are not very original, but new tricks are given to each one which makes the story refreshing. Its chief weakness is that it is more of a play than a novel.

In "The Beauty Mask Murder," by Viola Brothers Shore (Smith: $2), it will come as a shock to most men that a beautiful woman dies with a beauty mask on. The average male is led to believe no woman would ever—no never—be caught, dead or alive, with a clay pack on her face and a towel wrapped around her head. Mrs. Shore's characters are real people, not puppets, the love story she tells is touched with humor and has a *bona fide* place in this detective story, as it is a necessary and integral part. It is a wonder that the detective ever finds the murderer because the witnesses are the most reticent any story book detective ever had to deal with. Each one shields some one and the result of the lying and withholding of information is a perfect muddle. Exactly how the true facts are weeded out of the mass of lies is not always clearly told but there is enough mystery to hold your interest.

Innis Patterson tries a bit too hard to outdo Van Dine in the use of unusual words and in the sartorial appearance of her detective, Sebald Craft, in "The Eppworth Case" (Farrar & Rinehart: $1). At times Miss Patterson becomes so absorbed in her style that she forgets her plot and the result is only fair.

"The Trial of Scotland Yard," by Stuart Martin (Harper: $2) is a tale of impersonation, jewel robbery and murder. There are nine separate short stories woven into the main plot—these are good, but the main plot has only a few thrills. The only unusual feature in "Scalps," by Murray Leinster (Brewer & Warren: $2), is a murder supposedly committed in an airplane. The rest of the story is concerned with gangs, molls, wild taxi-cab rides, and dance halls. "The Marston Murder Case," by William Averill Stowell (Appleton: $2), is just another one of those yarns that has a Wall Street financier murdered in his study—slightly below average.



What about an Introduction to HARPERS MAGAZINE

for a Christmas present to yourself?

BE SURE of getting at least one thing you'll really enjoy this Christmas. You have very little control over your friends' selections, but you can ensure one bright spot in the serried ranks of cigar cases, bill folders, and guest towels—the gleam of the orange cover of HARPERS MAGAZINE.

There are still a few of you—logical readers of Harpers Magazine who do not yet know the authority and brilliance of the magazine which is more widely discussed and quoted than any other among educated people today. Here is an opportunity to discover what the leaders of contemporary thought have to say on all manner of subjects—and you pay only half price. Dr. Sockman writing on the morals of tomorrow; James Truslow Adams discussing "Prosperity vs. Liberty" and "The Tempo of American Life"; Bernard de Voto on "What Shall We Tell the Children About God?"; a new group of love sonnets by Edna St. Vincent Millay—these and so many other features of extraordinary interest are yours for the small sum of ONLY ONE DOLLAR. There's space on the coupon for two names.

Harpers MAGAZINE

SIX MONTHS *for only* ONE DOLLAR

SPECIAL—INTRODUCTORY—OFFER

SR

Harpers Magazine, 49 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send Harpers Magazine for six months at the special introductory rate of one dollar to new readers to the following names.

I am enclosing $.....

Name .....

Address .....

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No other Delight can compare *with the* LASTING SATISFACTION *in these Books*

AMONG all the winter's pleasures none will give you the *lasting* enjoyment you will find in these Harper Books, the finest list of non-fiction in 113 years of publishing. In their pages you will meet great personalities; fascinating historic figures, and famous men and women of today. You may follow the startling course of modern world events; or delve into mankind's struggle through the ages. Leaders of modern thought will lay before you the newest ideas; noted men reveal in their memoirs what goes on behind the scenes in Wall Street, in Washington, and in foreign courts. Study the titles carefully; make a note of those you want and take it to your bookstore tomorrow.

ENGLAND

By Wilhelm Dibelius. "I know no better book on England than that of Dibelius. Within its scope it is not unworthy to stand with books like those of Bryce on America and Bodley on France."—*Harold J. Laski.* $5.00

LEIGH HUNT and His Circle

By Edmund Blunden. "A book which may revive a drooping faith in the future of the art of biography—at once good narrative, good portraiture, and good criticism."—*London Times.* Illustrated $4.00

Invitation to RENAISSANCE ITALY

By Rachel Armand Taylor. This glowing picture of the Italian Renaissance and its great figures by the author of "Leonardo, The Florentine" is a treasure house of finely wrought thought and colorful imagery. 12 full page illustrations. $4.00

PAUL DU CHAILLU: Gorilla Hunter

By Michael Vaucaire. The full story of the Prince Charming of explorers who brought Africa before the popular eye, whose wanderings read like a fairy tale, whose books are classics, and whose life was a glorious succession of picturesque adventures. Illustrated $4.00

LIBERTY IN THE MODERN STATE

By Harold J. Laski. A powerful and important book by one of the world's leading political scientists. $3.00

OUR NEW WAYS OF THINKING

By George Boas. The evolution of our realistic outlook on life—written with wit and authority. $2.50

THE SPIRIT of the FORMS

By Elie Faure. Translated by Walter Pach. The fifth and concluding volume of Faure's monumental history of art. 218 illustrations. $7.50
(Set of 5 volumes) $35.00

SINCE THEN THE DISTURBING STORY OF THE WORLD "AT PEACE"

By Sir Philip Gibbs. The greatest correspondent in war or peace gives in this new book a terrifying, fascinating, almost unbelievable picture of world history since the war. Many things that have never made their appearance in the news—and the *true* explanations and first-hand accounts of many important events. $3.75

PAULINE FAVORITE SISTER OF NAPOLEON

By W. N. Chattin Carlton. "The love saga of one of the most unmoral women in the world."—*A. Hamilton Gibbs.* Wickedest and prettiest of the Bonapartes, she was "*Une grande amoureuse* who used her brother's glory and riches for the triumphs of her own person. A fascinating book."—*Edgar Lee Masters.* 3rd printing. Illus. $3.50

GOODBYE TO WESTERN CULTURE

By Norman Douglas. "Written with all Mr. Douglas's skill of phrase; it glitters with his malicious wit. Compels you to see the phenomena of European civilization from a new angle."—*Arnold Bennett.* 3rd printing. $3.00

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE

By John Langdon-Davies. A masterly survey of man's quest for knowledge. "If there ever was a book which intellectual liberals should conspire to give the widest circulation, it is this one."—*Harry Elmer Barnes.* 3rd printing. Illustrated $5.00

GOETHALS GENIUS OF THE PANAMA CANAL

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop and Farnham Bishop. "The story of a great man told by close friends, written intimately and from the heart."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Not only the history of an important individual but also of a very important phase of this nation's development."—*N. Y. Telegram.* Illustrated $5.00

LIFE IN ELIZABETHAN DAYS

By William Stearns Davis. This new book by the author of that perennial favorite, "Life on a Mediaeval Barony", takes you into merrie England in the days of Shakespeare and the Virgin Queen where you meet the people and live the everyday life of those colorful times. Recommended by Harry Hansen. Illustrated $3.50

HENRY WHITE THIRTY YEARS OF AMERICAN DIPLOMACY

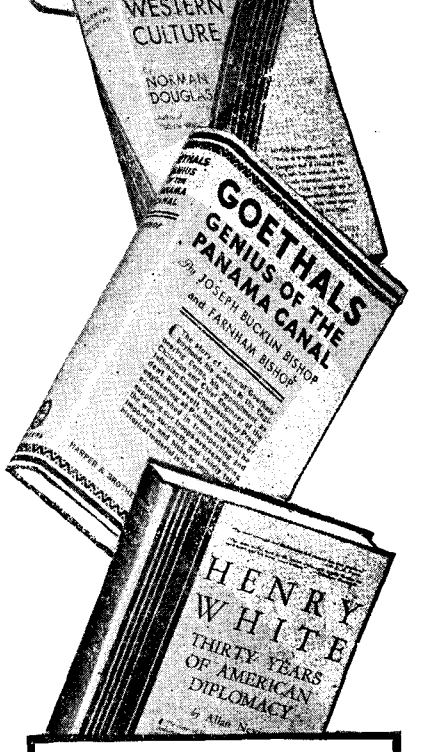
By Allan Nevins. Henry White's extraordinary diplomatic career by one of our most brilliant biographers containing much unpublished material. Col. House called White, "The most accomplished diplomatist this country has ever produced." Illus. $5.00

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE

By H. M. Tomlinson. A thoroughly revised, definitive edition of this modern classic, with woodcuts by Clare Leighton. *Limited signed edition.* $15.00
Trade edition. $3.50

THEY TOLD BARRON THE NOTES OF THE LATE CLARENCE W. BARRON

Edited by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore. Amazing revelations of the men behind the scenes in finance and politics, hundreds of verbatim conversations with men such as Ford, Morgan, Coolidge and Rockefeller, and many extraordinary secrets are revealed in this astonishing volume. $5.00



Do Not Overlook

DEVILS, DRUGS AND DOCTORS
By Howard W. Haggard, M. D. From witch doctors to modern surgery. A storehouse of strange and curious facts. Copiously illustrated. $5.00

EMILY DICKINSON
By Josephine Pollitt. "As charming as any novel. Noteworthy chapters about her unhappy love affair."—*The New Yorker.* $4.00

EMERSON
THE ENRAPTURED YANKEE
By Regis Michand. "Makes Emerson really come back to life."—*Henri Bergson.* $4.00

PROVING NOTHING
By Albert Payson Terhune. More delightful memoirs from the author of "To The Best of My Memory." $2.00

BACH THE MASTER
By Rutland Boughton. A new interpretation of the greatest of all composers. $4.00

LOST COURTS OF EUROPE
The World I Used to Know 1860-1912. $4.00
By Marie Von Bunsen.

MATA HARI
COURTESAN AND SPY
By Major Thomas Coulson. The true story of the most notorious woman spy in the Great War. Illustrated. $5.00

You should find all of these books in any good bookstore, but if you are unable to obtain them, we will be glad to have you order direct from us.

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street, New York

Please send me the following books:

_____ _____
_____ _____
_____ _____
_____ _____

☐ *Check Enclosed* ☐ *Send C. O. D.*

Name_____

Address_____

City and State_____

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 EAST 33rd STREET, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED